

T H E
C H A S E,
A
P O E M:

To which is added

H O B B I N O L,
O R T H E
R U R A L G A M E S.

The A U T H O R,

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE, Esq;

Nec tibi cura Canum fuerit postrema.

VIRG. Georg. iii.

*Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque, & membris.*

HOR. Ep. xviii. Lib. i.

B I R M I N G H A M:

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MDCCLXVII.



The P R E F A C E.

THE Old and Infirm have at least this Privilege, that they can recall to their Minds those Scenes of Joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their past Pleasures, with a Satisfaction almost equal to the first Enjoyment. For those Ideas, to which any agreeable Sensation is annex'd, are easily excited; as leaving behind them the most strong and permanent Impressions. The Amusements of our Youth are the Boast and Comfort of our declining Years. The Ancients carried this Notion even yet further, and supposed their Heroes in the Elysian Fields were fond of the very same Diversions they exercised on Earth. Death itself could not wean them from the accustom'd Sports and Gaieties of Life.

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris,

Contendunt ludo, & sulva luctantur arena:

Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.

Arma procul currusque virum miratur inanes.

Stant terra defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti

Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currum

Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes

Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

VIRG. AENEID. vi.

*Part on the grassy Cirque their pliant Limbs
 In Wrestling exercise, or on the Sands
 Struggling dispute the Prize. Part lead the Ring,
 Or swell the Chorus with alternate Lays.
 The Chief their Arms admires, their empty Cars,
 Their Lances fix'd in Earth. Th' unharnes'd Steeds
 Graze unrestrain'd; Horses, and Cars, and Arms,
 All the same fond Desires, and pleasing Cares,
 Still haunt their Shades, and after Death survive.*

I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by the more grave and censorious Part of Mankind) if at my leisure Hours, I run over, in my Elbow-Chair, some of those Chases, which were once the Delight of a more vigorous Age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent Amusement. The Result of these rambling Imaginations will be found in the following Poem; which if equally diverting to my Readers, as to myself, I shall have gained my End. I have intermixed the preceptive Parts with so many Descriptions and Digressions in the Georgic Manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure they are very necessary to be well understood by any Gentleman, who would enjoy this noble Sport in full Perfection. In this at least I may comfort myself, that I cannot trespass upon their Patience more than *Markham*, *Blome*, and the other Prose Writers upon this Subject.

It is most certain, that Hunting was the Exercise of the greatest Heroes in Antiquity. By this they formed them-

themselves for War; and their Exploits against Wild Beasts were a Prelude to their future Victories. *Xenophon* says, that almost all the ancient Heroes, *Nestor*, *Theseus*, *Castor*, *Pollux*, *Ulysses*, *Diomedes*, *Achilles*, &c. were *Μαθηταὶ Κυνηγεσιῶν*, Disciples of Hunting; being taught carefully that Art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in Military Discipline. *Xen. Cynegetic.* And *Pliny* observes, those who were design'd for great Captains, were first taught *certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu*: To contest with the swiftest Wild Beasts, in Speed; with the boldest, in Strength; with the most cunning, in Craft and Subtilty. *Plin. Panegy.* And the Roman Emperors, in those Monuments they erected to transmit their Actions to future Ages, made no scruple to join the Glories of the Chase to their most celebrated Triumphs. Neither were their Poets wanting to do Justice to this heroic Exercise. Beside that of *Oppian* in Greek, we have several Poems in Latin upon Hunting. *Gratius* was Contemporary with *Ovid*; as appears by this Verse,

Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit.

LIB. iv. PONT.

Gratius shall arm the Huntsman for the Chase.

But of his Works only some Fragments remain. There are many others of more modern Date. Amongst these *Nemesianus*, who seems very much superior to *Gratius*, tho' of a more degenerate Age. But only a Fragment

ment of his first Book is preserv'd. We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by *Virgil* in his third *Georgic*, since it is expressly Part of his Subject. But he has favoured us only with ten Verses; and what he says of Dogs, relates wholly to Greyhounds and Mastiffs.

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossus.

GEORG. iii.

The Greyhound swift, and Mastiff's furious Breed.

And he directs us to feed them with Butter-Milk. *Pasce Sero pingui.* He has it is true touch'd upon the Chase in the 4th and 7th Books of the *Æneid*. But it is evident, that the Art of Hunting is very different now, from what it was in his Days, and very much altered and improved in these latter Ages. It does not appear to me that the Ancients had any Notion of pursuing Wild Beasts by the Scent only, with a regular and well-disciplin'd Pack of Hounds; and therefore they must have pass'd for Poachers amongst our modern Sportsmen. The Muster Roll given us by *Ovid*, in his story of *Actæon* is of all Sorts of Dogs, and of all Countries. And the Description of the ancient Hunting, as we find it in the Antiquities of *Pere de Montfaucon* taken from the Sepulchre of the *Nasos*, and the Arch of *Constantine*, has not the least Trace of the Manner now in Use.

When-

Whenever the Ancients mention Dogs following by the Scent, they mean no more than finding out the Game by the Nose of one single Dog. This was as much as they knew of the *Odora canum vis*. Thus *Nemesianus* says,

*Odorato noscunt vestigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia monstrant.*

*They challenge on the Mead the recent Stains,
And trail the Hare unto her secret Form.*

Oppian has a long Description of these Dogs in his first Book from *Ver.* 479 to 526. And here tho' he seems to describe the Hunting of the Hare by the Scent thro' many Turnings and Windings; yet he really says no more, than that one of those Hounds which he calls *ἰκνευτήρες*, finds out the Game. For he follows the Scent no further than the Hare's Form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by Sight. I am indebted for these two last Remarks to a reverend and very learned Gentleman, whose Judgment in the *Belles Lettres* no Body disputes, and whose Approbation gave me the Assurance to publish this Poem.

Oppian also observes, that the best Sort of these Finders were brought from *Britain*; this Island having always been famous (as it is at this Day) for the best Breed of Hounds, for Persons the best skill'd in the Art of Hunting, and for Horses the most enduring

to follow the Chase. It is therefore strange that none of our Poets have yet thought it worth their While to treat of this Subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful Turns of Poetry. Perhaps our Poets have no great Genius for Hunting. Yet I hope, my Brethren of the Couples, by encouraging this first, but imperfect, Essay, will shew the World they have at least some Taste for Poetry.

The Ancients esteemed Hunting, not only as a manly and warlike Exercise, but as highly conducive to Health. The famous *Galen* recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the Body, but giving Delight and Entertainment to the Mind. And he calls the Inventors of this Art wise Men, and well skill'd in human Nature. *Lib. de parvæ pilæ Exercitio.*

The Gentlemen, who are fond of a Gingle at the Close of ev'ry Verse, and think no Poem truly musical but what is in Rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they will be pleased to read over the short Preface before the *Paradise Lost*, Mr. *Smith's* Poem in Memory of his Friend Mr. *John Philips*, and the Archbishop of *Cambray's* Letter to Monsieur *Fontenelle*, they may probably be of another Opinion. For my own Part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the Example of *Milton*, *Philips*, *Thomson*, and all our best tragic Writers.

Some few Terms of Art are dispersed here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my Subject. I hope in this the Critics will excuse me; for I am humbly of Opinion, that the Affectation, and not the necessary Use, is the proper Object of their Censure.

But

But I have done. I know the Impatience of my Brethren, when a fine Day, and the Consort of the Kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my Reader to such Diversion, as he may find in the Poem itself.

*En age, Segnes,
Rumpe moras, vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum;
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.*

VIRG. Georg. iii.

*Hark away,
Cast far behind the ling'ring Cares of Life.
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full Cry
Thy Hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains
For us the gen'rous Steed; the Hunter's Shouts,
And cheering Cries, assenting Woods return.*

To

T O

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;

On his P O E M called

The C H A S E.

WHILE you, Sir, gain the steep Ascent to Fame,
And Honours due to deathless Merit claim;
To a weak Muse a kind Indulgence lend,
Fond with just Praise your Labours to commend,
And tell the World, that Somervile's her Friend.
Her Incense guiltless of the Forms of Art
Breaths all the Huntsman's Honesty of Heart;
Whose Fancy still the pleasing Scene retains
Of Edric's Villa, and Ardenna's Plains:
Joys, which from Change superior Charms receiv'd.
The Horn hoarse-sounding by the Lyre reliev'd:
When the Day crown'd with rural, chaste Delight
Resigns obsequious to the festive Night;

The

*The festive Night awakes th' harmonious Lay,
And in sweet Verse recounts the Triumphs of the Day.*

*Strange! that the British Muse should leave so long,
The Chase, the Sport of Britain's Kings, unsung!
Distinguish'd Land! by Heav'n indulg'd to breed
The stout, sagacious Hound, and gen'rous Steed:
In vain! while yet no Bard adorn'd our Isle,
To celebrate the glorious sylvan Toil.
For this what darling Son shall feel thy Fire,
God of th' unerring Bow, and tuneful Lyre?
Our Vows are heard---attend, ye vocal Throng,
Somerville meditates th' advent'rous Song.
Bold to attempt, and happy to excell,
His num'rous Verse the Huntsman's Art shall tell.
From him, ye British Youths, a vig'rous Race,
Imbibe the various Science of the Chase;
And while the well-plan'd System you admire,
Know, BRUNSWICK only could the Work inspire:
A Georgic Muse awaits AUGUSTAN Days,
And Somerviles will sing, when FREDERICS give the Bays.*

To

T O T H E
A U T H O R of the C H A S E.

ONCE more, my Friend, I touch the trembling Lyre,
And in my Bosom feel poetic Fire.

For thee I quit the Laws more rugged Ways,

To pay my humble Tribute to thy Lays.

What, tho' I daily turn each learned Sage,

And labour thro' the unenlighten'd Page:

Wak'd by thy Lines, the borrow'd Flames I feel,

As Flints give Fire when aided by the Steel.

Tho' in sulphureous Clouds of Smoke confin'd,

Thy rural Scenes spring fresh into my Mind.

Thy Genius in such Colours paints the Chase,

The real to fictitious Joys give Place.

When the wild Music charms my ravish'd Ear,

How dull, how tasteless Handel's Notes appear!

Ev'n Farenelli's Self the Palm resigns,

It yields——but to the Music of thy Lines.

If

*If Friends to Poetry can yet be found
 Who without blushing, Sense prefer to Sound;
 Then let this soft, this Soul-enfeebling Band,
 These warbling Minstrels quit the beggar'd Land.
 They but a momentary Joy impart,
 'Tis you, who touch the Soul, and warm the Heart.
 How tempting do thy sylvan Sports appear!
 Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchsafe an Ear,
 Might her fond Lust of Pow'r awhile compose,
 And gladly change it for thy sweet Repose.
 No fierce, unruly Senates, threaten here,
 No Axe, no Scaffold, to the View appear,
 No Envy, Disappointment, and Despair.
 Here, blest Vicissitude! whene'er you please,
 You Step from Exercise to learned Ease;
 Turn o'er each Classic Page, each Beauty trace,
 The Mind unwearied in the pleasing Chase.
 Oh! would kind Heav'n such Happiness bestow,
 Let Fools, let Knaves, be Masters here below.*

J. TRACY.

If friends to Poetry can yet be found
Who without blushing, scarce prefer to sound;
Then let this list, this sort-estimating band

These numbers through the region of Land
This list a momentary joy impart.

'Tis you, who touch the Soul, and warm the Heart;
How tempting do the system's sports appear!

For would Ambition might conceals in you,
Might her fond tale of Power and little company

And gladly change the scene of her
No more, no more, no more, no more

No more, no more, no more, no more
No more, no more, no more, no more

How, how, how, how, how, how, how, how
You step from Earth to heavenly heights

Turn over each Classic Page, each Beauty trace
The Mind unweary'd in the pleasing chase

Oh! would kind Heaven a such Happiness bestow,
Let Poets, let Poets, let Poets, let Poets



THE
CHASE,
A
POEM.



ARGUMENT of the first Book.

THE Subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The Origin of Hunting. The rude and unpolished Manner of the first Hunters. Beasts at first hunted for Food and Sacrifice. The Grant made by God to Man of the Beasts, &c. The regular Manner of Hunting first brought into this Island by the Normans. The best Hounds and best Horses bred here. The Advantage of this Exercise to us, as Islanders. Address to Gentlemen of Estates. Situation of the Kennel and its several Courts. The Diversion and Employment of Hounds in the Kennel. The different Sorts of Hounds for each different Chase. Description of a perfect Hound. Of sizing and sorting of Hounds, the middle-sized Hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouth'd Hound for hunting the Stag and Otter. Of the Lime Hound; their Use on the Borders of England and Scotland. A Physical Account of Scents. Of good and bad scenting Days. A short Admonition to my Brethren of the Couples.

THE
CHASE,
A
POEM.

THE Chase I sing, Hounds, and their various Breed,
And no less various Use, O thou Great Prince!
Whom *Cambria's* tow'ring Hills proclaim their Lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive Song.
While grateful Citizens with pompous Shew, 5
Rear the triumphal Arch, rich with th' Exploits
Of thy Illustrious House; while Virgins pave
Thy Way with Flow'rs, and as the Royal Youth
Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain;
While crowded Theatres, too fondly proud 10
B Of

Of their exotic Minstrels, and shrill Pipes,
The Price of Manhood, hail thee with a Song,
And Aires soft-warbling; my hoarse-founding Horn
Invites thee to the Chase, the Sport of Kings;
Image of War without its Guilt. The Muse 15
Aloft on Wing shall soar, conduct with Care
Thy foaming Courser o'er the steepy Rock,
Or on the River Bank receive thee safe,
Light-bounding o'er the Wave, from Shore to Shore.
Be thou our great Protector, gracious Youth! 20
And if in future Times, some envious Prince,
Careless of Right and guileful, shou'd invade
Thy *Britain's* Commerce, or should strive in vain
To wrest the Ballance from thy equal Hand;
Thy Hunter-Train, in cheerful Green array'd, 25
(A Band undaunted, and inur'd to Toils,)
Shall compass thee around, die at thy Feet,
Or hew thy Passage thro' th' embattled Foe,
And clear thy Way to Fame; inspir'd by thee
The nobler Chase of Glory shall pursue 30
Thro' Fire, and Smoke, and Blood, and Fields of Death.

NATURE

NATURE in her Productions flow, aspires
By just Degrees to reach Perfection's Height:
So mimic Art works leisurely, 'till Time
Improve the Piece, or wise Experience give 35
The proper Finishing. When *Nimrod* bold,
That mighty Hunter, first made War on Beasts,
And stain'd the Woodland Green with purple Dye,
New, and unpolish'd was the Huntsman's Art;
No stated Rule, his wanton Will his Guide. 40
With Clubs and Stones, rude Implements of War,
He arm'd his savage Bands, a Multitude
Untrain'd; Of twining Osiers form'd, they pitch
Their artless Toils, then range the desert Hills,
And scow'r the Plains below; the trembling Herd 45
Start at th' unusual Sound, and clam'rous Shout
Unheard before; surpriz'd alas! to find
Man now their Foe, whom erst they deem'd their Lord,
But mild, and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the Plain 50
Wide-wasting, and grim Slaughter red with Blood:
Urg'd on by Hunger keen, they wound they kill,

Their Rage licentious knows no bound; at last
Incumber'd with their Spoils, joyful they bear
Upon their Shoulders broad, the bleeding Prey. 55
Part on their Altars smokes a Sacrifice
To that all-gracious Pow'r, whose bounteous Hand
Supports his wide Creation; what remains
On living Coals they broil, inelegant
Of Taste, nor skill'd, as yet, in nicer Arts 60
Of pamper'd Luxury. Devotion pure,
And strong Necessity, thus first began
The Chase of Beasts: 'Tho' bloody was the Deed,
Yet without Guilt. For the green Herb alone
Unequal to sustain Man's lab'ring Race, 65
* Now ev'ry moving Thing that liv'd on Earth
Was granted him for Food. So just is Heav'n,
To give us in Proportion to our Wants.

OR Chance or Industry in After-Times
Some few Improvements made, but short as yet 70
Of due Perfection. In this Isle remote
Our painted Ancestors were slow to learn,

* Gen. chap. 9. ver. 3.

To Arms devote, in the politer Arts
Nor skill'd nor studious; 'till from *Neustria's* Coasts
Victorious *William*, to more decent Rules 75
Subdu'd our *Saxon* Fathers, taught to speak
The proper Dialect, with Horn and Voice
To cheer the busy Hound, whose well-known Cry
His list'ning Peers approve with joint Acclaim.
From him successive Huntsmen learn'd to join 80
In bloody social Leagues, the Multitude
Dispers'd, to size, to sort their various Tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the Pack.

HAIL happy *Britain!* highly favour'd Isle,
And Heav'n's peculiar Care! To thee 'tis giv'n 85
To train the sprightly Steed, more fleet than those
Begot by Winds, or the celestial Breed
That bore the great *Pelides* thro' the Prefs
Of Heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded Ranks;
Which proudly neighing, with the Sun begins 90
Cheerful his Course; and e'er his Beams decline,
Has measur'd half thy Surface unfatigu'd.
In thee alone, fair Land of Liberty!

Is bred the perfect Hound, in Scent and Speed
As yet unrival'd, while in other Climes 95
Their Virtue fails, a weak degen'rate Race.
In vain malignant Steams, and Winter Fogs
Load the dull Air, and hover round our Coasts,
The Huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,
Defies the noxious Vapour, and confides 100
In this delightful Exercise, to raise
His drooping Head, and cheer his Heart with Joy.

YE vig'rous Youths, by smiling Fortune blest
With large Demesnes, hereditary Wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wise Fore-Father's Care, 105
Hear and attend! while I the Means reveal
T'enjoy those Pleasures, for the Weak too strong,
Too costly for the Poor: To rein the Steed
Swift-stretching o'er the Plain, to cheer the Pack
Op'ning in Consorts of harmonious Joy. 110
But breathing Death. What tho' the Gripe severe
Of brazen-fisted Time, and flow Disease
Creeping thro' ev'ry Vein, and Nerve unstrung,
Afflict my shatter'd Frame, undaunted still,

Fix'd

Fix'd as a Mountain Ash, that braves the Bolts 115
Of angry *Jove*; tho' blasted, yet unfall'n;
Still can my Soul in Fancy's Mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous Scene
In all its Splendors deck'd, o'er the full Bowl
Recount my Triumphs past, urge others on 120
With Hand and Voice, and point the winding Way:
Pleas'd with that social sweet Garrulity.
The poor disbanded Vet'rane's sole Delight.

FIRST let the Kennel be the Huntsman's Care,
Upon some little Eminence erect, 125
And fronting to the ruddy Dawn? its Courts
On either Hand wide op'ning to receive
The Sun's all-cheering Beams, when mild he shines,
And gilds the Mountain Tops. For much the Pack
(Rous'd from their dark Alcoves) delight to stretch,
And bask, in his invigorating Ray: 131
Warn'd by the streaming Light, and merry Lark,
Forth rush the jolly Clan; with tuneful Throats
They carol loud, and in grand Chorus join'd
Salute the new-born Day. For not alone 135

The Vegetable World, but Men and Brutes
Own his reviving Influence, and Joy
At his Approach. Fountain of Light! if Chance
Some envious Cloud veil thy refulgent Brow,
In vain the Muses Aid, untouch'd, unstrung, 140
Lies my mute Harp, and thy desponding Bard
Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd Lay.

LET no *Corinthian* Pillars prop the Dome,
A vain Expence, on charitable Deeds
Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd Wretch, 145
Who shrinks beneath the Blast, to feed the Poor
Pinch'd with afflictive Want: For Use, not State,
Gracefully plain, let each Apartment rise.
O'er all let Cleanliness preside, no Scraps
Bestrew the Pavement, and no half-pick'd Bones, 150
To kindle fierce Debate, or to disgust
That nicer Sense, on which the Sportsman's Hope,
And all his future Triumphs must depend.
Soon as the growling Pack with eager Joy
Have lapp'd their smoking Viands, Morn or Eve, 155
From the full Cistern lead the ductile Streams,
To

To wash thy Court well-pav'd, nor spare thy Pains,
For much to Health will Cleanliness avail.
Seek'st thou for Hounds to climb the rocky Steep,
And brush th' entangled Covert, whose nice'Scent 160
O'er greasy Fallows, and frequented Roads
Can pick the dubious Way? Banish far off
Each noisome Stench, let no offensive Smell
Invade thy wide Inclosure, but admit
The nitrous Air, and purifying Breeze. 165

WATER and Shade no less demand thy Care:
In a large Square th' adjacent Field inclose,
There plant in equal Ranks the spreading Elm,
Or fragrant Lime; most happy thy Design,
If at the Bottom of thy spacious Court, 170
A large Canal fed by the crystal Brook,
From its transparent Bosom shall reflect
Thy downward Structure and inverted Grove.
Here when the Sun's too potent Gleams annoy
The crowded Kennel, and the drooping Pack 175
Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd Tongues,
And drop their feeble Tails; to cooler Shades

Lead

Lead forth the panting Tribe; soon shalt thou find
The cordial Breeze their fainting Hearts revive :
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the Stream, 180
There lave their reeking Sides, with greedy Joy
Gulp down the flying Wave, this Way and that
From Shore to Shore they swim, while Clamour loud
And wild Uproar torments the troubled Flood:
Then on the sunny Bank they roll and stretch 185
Their dripping Limbs, or else in wanton Rings
Coursing around, pursuing and pursu'd,
The merry Multitude disporting play.

BUT here with watchful and observant Eye,
Attend their Frolics, which too often end 190
In bloody Broils and Death. High o'er thy Head
Wave thy resounding Whip, and with a Voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern Debate,
And quench their kindling Rage; for oft in Sport
Begun, Combat ensues, growling they snarl, 195
Then on their Haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each others Throats, with Teeth, and Claws, in Gore
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, 'till on the Ground,
Panting,



Panting, half dead the conquer'd Champion lies:
Then sudden all the base ignoble Crowd 200
Loud-clam'ring seize the helpless worried Wretch,
And thirsting for his Blood, drag diff'rent Ways
His mangled Carcass on th' ensanguin'd Plain.
O Breasts of Pity void! t'oppress the Weak,
To point your Vengeance at the friendless Head, 205
And with one mutual Cry insult the fall'n!
Emblem too just of Man's degen'rate Race.

OTHERS apart by native Instinct led,
Knowing Instructor! 'mong the ranker Grass
Cull each salubrious Plant, with bitter Juice 210
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
Each vitious Ferment. 'Thus the Hand divine
Of Providence, benificent and kind
To all his Creatures, for the Brutes prescribes
A ready Remedy, and is himself 215
Their great Physician. Now grown stiff with Age,
And many a painful Chase, the wise old Hound
Regardless of the frolic Pack, attends
His Master's Side, or slumbers at his Ease

Beneath

Beneath the bending Shade ; there many a Ring 220
Runs o'er in Dreams; now on the doubtful Foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or Doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his Speed,
Bounds o'er the Lawn to seize his panting Prey,
And in imperfect Whimp'rings speaks his Joy. 225

A diff'rent Hound for ev'ry diff'rent Chase
Select with Judgment; not the tim'rous Hare
O'er-match'd destroy, but leave that vile Offence
To the mean, murd'rous coursing Crew ; intent
On Blood and Spoil. O blast their Hopes, just Heav'n !
And all their painful Drudgeries repay 231
With Disappointment and severe Remorse.
But husband thou thy Pleasures, and give Scope
To all her subtle Play : By Nature led
A thousand Shifts she tries; t'unravel these 235
Th' industrious Beagle twists his waving Tail,
Thro' all her Labyrinths pursues, and rings
Her doleful Knell. See there with Count'nance blith,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning Hound
Salutes thee cow'ring, his wide op'ning Nose 240
Upwards

Upwards he curls, and his large Sloe-black Eyes
Melt in soft Blandishments, and humble Joy;
His glossy Skin, or Yellow-pied or Blew,
In Lights or Shades by Nature's Pencil drawn
Reflects the various Tints; his Ears and Legs 245
Fleck't here and there, in gay enamel'd Pride,
Rival the speckled Pard; his Rush-grown Tail
O'er his broad Back bends in an ample Arch;
On Shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands;
His round Cat-Foot, strait Hams, and wide-spread Thighs,
And his low-dropping Chest, confess his Speed, 251
His Strength, his Wind, or on the sleepy Hill,
Or far extended Plain; in ev'ry Part
So well proportion'd, that the nicer Skill
Of *Phidias* himself can't blame thy Choice. 255
Of such compose thy Pack: But here a Mean
Observe, nor the large Hound prefer, of Size
Gigantic, he in the thick-woven Covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny Brake
Torn and embarrass'd bleeds: But if too small 260
The pigmy Brood in ev'ry Furrow swims,
Moil'd in the clogging Clay, panting they lag
Behind

Behind inglorious; or else shivering creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the shelt'ring Thorn.
For Hounds of middle Size, active and strong, 265
Will better answer all thy various Ends,
And crown thy pleasing Labours with Success.

As some brave Captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd Standard forms in equal Ranks
His gay Battalion, as one Man they move 270
Step after Step, their Size the same, their Arms
Far-gleaming, dart the same united Blaze:
Reviewing Generals his Merit own ;
How regular! How just! And all his Cares
Are well repaid, if mighty GEORGE approve, 275
So model thou thy Pack, if Honour touch
Thy gen'rous Soul, and the World's just Applause.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy Hounds
Of different Kinds, discordant Sounds shall grate
Thy Ears offended, and a lagging Line 280
Of babbling Curs disgrace thy broken Pack.
But if th' amphibious Otter be thy Chase,
Or stately Stag, that o'er the Woodland reigns ;

Or

Or if th' harmonious Thunder of the Field
Delight thy ravish'd Ears; the deep-flew'd Hound 285
Breed up with Care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure;
Whose Ears down-hanging from his thick round Head
Shall sweep the Morning Dew, whose clanging Voice
Awake the Mountain Echo in her Cell,
And shake the Forests: The bold Talbot Kind 290
Of these the Prime, as white as *Alpine* Snows;
And great their Use of old. Upon the Banks
Of *Tweed*, slow-winding thro' the Vale, the Seat
Of War and Rapine once, e'er *Britons* knew
The Sweets of Peace; or *Anna's* dread Commands 295
To lasting Leagues the haughty Rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilf'ring Race! well train'd and skill'd
In all the Mysteries of Theft, the Spoil
Their only Substance, Feuds and War their Sport;
Not more expert in ev'ry fraudulent Art 300
Th' Arch * Felon was of old, who by the Tail
Drew back his lowing Prize: In vain his Wiles,
In vain the Shelter of the cov'ring Rock,
In vain the footy Cloud, and ruddy Flames

* Cacus, Virg. AEn. lib. 8.

That

That issu'd from his Mouth; for soon he paid 305
His forfeit Life: A Debt how justly due
To wrong'd *Alcides*, and avenging Heav'n!
Veil'd in the Shades of Night they ford the Stream,
Then proling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their Prey; nor Flocks nor Herds are safe, 310
No Stalls protect the Steer, nor strong-barr'd Doors
Secure the fav'rite Horse. Soon as the Morn
Reveals his Wrongs, with ghastly Visage wan
The plunder'd Owner stands, and from his Lips
A thousand thronging Curses burst their Way: 315
He calls his stout Allies, and in a Line
His faithful Hound he leads, then with a Voice
That utters loud his Rage, attentive cheers:
Soon the sagacious Brute, his curling Tail
Flourish'd in Air; low-bending plies around 320
His busy Nose, the steaming Vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one Turf untry'd,
'Till conscious of the recent Stains, his Heart
Beats quick; his snuffling Nose, his active Tail
Attest his Joy; then with deep op'ning Mouth 325
That makes the Welkin tremble, he proclaims

Th'au-

Th' audacious Felon; Foot by Foot he marks
His winding Way, while all the list'ning Crowd
Applaud his Reas'nings. O'er the wa'try Ford,
Dry sandy Heaths, and stony barren Hills, 330
O'er beaten Paths, with Men and Beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues; 'till at the Cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty Throat
The Caitif vile, redeems the captive Prey:
So exquisitely delicate his Sense! 335

SHOU'D some more curious Sportsman here enquire,
Whence this Sagacity, this wond'rous Pow'r,
Of tracing Step by Step, or Man or Brute?
What Guide invifible points out their Way,
O'er the dank Marsh, bleak Hill, and sandy Plain? 340
The courteous Muse shall the dark Cause reveal.
The Blood that from the Heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson Tide, then here and there
In smaller Rills difparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ferous Particles evade 345
Thro' th' open Pores, and with the ambient Air
Entangling mix. As fuming Vapours rise,

C

And

And hang upon the gently purling Brook,
There by th'incumbent Atmosphere compress'd.
The panting Chase grows warmer as he flies, 350
And thro' the Net-work of the Skin perspires ;
Leaves a long-streaming Trail behind, which by
The cooler Air condens'd, remains, unless
By some rude Storm dispers'd, or rarified
By the Meridian Sun's intenser Heat. 355
To ev'ry Shrub the warm Effluvia cling
Hang on the Grass, impregnate Earth and Skies :
With Nostrils op'ning wide, o'er Hill, o'er Dale,
The vig'rous Hounds pursue, with ev'ry Breath
Inhale the grateful Steam, quick Pleasures sting 360
Their tingling Nerves, while they their Thanks repay,
And in triumphant Melody confess
The titillating Joy. Thus on the Air
Depend the Hunter's Hopes. When ruddy Streaks
At Eve forebode a blust'ring Stormy Day,
Or low'ring Clouds blacken the Mountain's Brow,
When nipping Frosts, and the keen biting Blasts
Of the dry parching East, menace the Trees
With tender Blossoms teeming, kindly spare

Thy

Thy sleeping Pack, in their warm Beds of Straw 370
Low-sinking at their Ease; listless they shrink
Into some dark Recess, nor hear thy Voice
Tho' oft invok'd; or haply if thy Call
Rouze up the slumb'ring Tribe, with heavy Eyes
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their Tails
Inverted; high on their bent Backs erect 376
Their pointed Bristles flare, or 'mong the Tufts
Of ranker Weeds, each Stomach-healing Plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious Days, on other Cares 380
Employ thy precious Hours, th' improving Friend
With open Arms embrace, and from his Lips
Glean Science, season'd with good-natur'd Wit.
But if th' inclement Skies, and angry *Jove*
Forbid the pleasing Intercourse, thy Books 385
Invite thy ready Hand, each sacred Page
Rich with the wise Remarks of Heroes old:
Converse familiar with th' illustrious Dead;
With great examples of old *Greece* or *Rome*
Enlarge thy free-born Heart, and bless kind Heav'n,
That *Britain* yet enjoys dear Liberty, 391

That Balm of Life, that sweetest Blessing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our Blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy Calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookless fauntring Youth, proud of the Skut 395
That dignifies his Cap, his flourish'd Belt,
And rusty Couples gingling by his Side.
Be thou of other Mold; and know that such
Transporting Pleasures, were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wisdom's Relief, and Virtue's great Reward. 400

The ARGUMENT of the Second Book.

OF the Power of Instinct in Brutes. Two remarkable Instances in the Hunting of the Roe-buck, and in the Hare going to Seat in the Morning. Of the Variety of Seats or Forms of the Hare, according to the Change of the Season, Weather or Wind. Description of the Hare-hunting in all its Parts, interspersed with Rules to be observed, by those who follow that Chase. Transition to the Asiatic Way of Hunting, particularly the magnificent Manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian Princes, taken from Monsieur Berneir, and the History of Gengiskan the Great. Concludes with a short Reproof of Tyrants and Oppressors of Mankind.



B O O K the Second.

NOR will it less delight th' attentive Sage
T'observe that Instinct, which unerring guides
The brutal Race, which mimics Reason's Lore
And oft transcends: Heav'n taught the Roe-buck swift
Loiters at Ease before the driving Pack, 5
And mocks their vain Pursuit, nor far he flies
But checks his Ardour, 'till the steaming Scent
That freshens on the Blade, provokes their Rage.
Urg'd to their Speed, his weak deluded Foes
Soon flag fatigu'd; strain'd to Excess each Nerve, 10
Each slacken'd Sinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the Lawn he bounds, o'er the high Hills
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd Crowd
To puzzle in the distant Vale below.

'Tis Instinct that directs the jealous Hare 15
To chuse her soft Abode: With Step revers'd
She forms the doubling Maze; then, e'er the Morn.
Peeps thro' the Clouds, leaps to her close Recess.

As wand'ring Shepherds on th' *Arabian* Plains
No settled Residence observe, but shift, 20
Their moving Camp; now, on some cooler Hill
With Cedars crown'd, court the refreshing Breeze;
And then, below where trickling Streams distil
From some penurious Source, their Thirst allay,
And feed their fainting Flocks. So the wise Hares 25
Oft quit their Seats, lest some more curious Eye
Shou'd mark their Haunts, and by dark treach'rous Wiles
Plot their Destruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous Forage, near the ranker Mead,
Or matted Blade, wary, and close they sit. 30
When Spring shines forth, Season of Love and Joy,
In the moist Marsh, 'mong Beds of Rushes hid,
'They cool their boiling Blood: When Summer Suns
Bake the cleft Earth, to thick wide-waving Fields

Of

Of Corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young :
But when autumnal Torrents, and fierce Rains 36
Deluge the Vale, in the dry crumbling Bank
Their Forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping Covert ; yet when Winter's Cold
Their Limbs benumbs, thither with Speed return'd 40
In the long Grass they skulk, or shrinking creep
Among the wither'd Leaves : Thus changing still
As Fancy prompts them, or as Food invites.
But ev'ry Season carefully observ'd,
Th' inconstant Winds, the fickle Element, 45
The wise experienc'd Huntsman soon may find
His subtle, various Game, nor waste in vain
His tedious Hours, 'till his impatient Hounds
With Disappointment vex'd, each springing Lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the Fields. 50

Now golden Autumn from her open Lap
Her fragrant Bounties show'rs ; the Fields are shorn,
Inwardly smiling, the proud Farmer views
The rising Pyramids that grace his Yard, 54
And counts his large Increase ; his Barns are stor'd,
And

And groaning Staddles bend beneath their Load.
All now is free as Air, and the gay Pack
In the rough bristly Stubbles range unblam'd ;
No Widow's Tears o'erflow, no secret Curse
Swells in the Farmer's Breast, which his pale Lips 60
Trembling conceal, by his fierce Landlord aw'd :
But courteous now he levels ev'ry Fence,
Joins in the common Cry, and hollows loud,
Charm'd with the rattling Thunder of the Field.
Oh bear me some kind Pow'r invifible ! 65
To that extended Lawn, where the gay Court
View the swift Racers, ftretching to the Goal ;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler Train,
Than proud *Elean* Fields could boast of old.
Oh ! were a *Theban* Lyre not wanting here, 70
And *Pindar's* Voice, to do their Merit right !
Or to those fpacious Plains, where the ftain'd Eye
In the wide Prospect loft, beholds at laft
Sarum's proud Spire, that o'er the Hills afcends,
And pierces thro' the Clouds. Or to thy Downs 75
Fair *Cotfwold*, where the well-breath'd Beagle climbs,

With

With matchless Speed, thy green aspiring Brow,
And leaves the lagging Multitude behind.

HAÏL gentle Dawn! Mild blushing Goddess hail!
Rejoic'd I see thy purple Mantle spread 80
O'er half the Skies, Gems pave thy radiant Way,
And orient Pearls from ev'ry Shrub depend.
Farewel, *Cleora*, here deep sunk in Down
Slumber secure, with happy Dreams amus'd,
'Till grateful Steams shall tempt thee to receive 85
Thy early Meal, or thy officious Maids,
The Toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
Th' important Work. Me other Joys invite,
The Horn sonorous calls, the Pack awak'd
Their Mattins Chant, nor brook my long Delay : 90
My Courser hears their Voice; see there with Ears
And Tail erect, neighing he paws the Ground!
Fierce Rapture kindles in his red'ning Eyes,
And boils in ev'ry Vein. As captive Boys
Cow'd by the ruling Rod, and haughty Frowns 95
Of Pedagogues severe, from their hard Tasks
If once dismiss'd, no Limits can contain

The

The Tumult rais'd within their little Breasts,
But give a Loose to all their frolic Play.
So from their Kennel rush the joyous Pack; 100
A thousand wanton Gaieties express
Their inward Ecstasy, their pleasing Sport
Once more indulg'd, and Liberty restor'd.
The rising Sun that o'er th' Horizon peeps,
As many Colours from their glossy Skins 105
Beaming reflects, as paint the various Bow
When *April* Show'rs descend. Delightful Scene!
Where all around is gay, Men, Horses, Dogs,
And in each smiling Countenance appears
Fresh-blooming Health, and universal Joy. 110

HUNTSMAN, lead on! behind the clust'ring Pack
Submiss attend, hear with respect thy Whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harsher Voice obey :
Spare not the stragling Cur, that wildly roves,
But let thy brisk Assilant on his back 115
Imprint thy just Resentments, let each Lash
Bite to the Quick, 'till howling he return
And whining creep amid the trembling Crowd.

HERE

HERE on this verdant Spot, where Nature kind,
With double Blessings crowns the Farmer's Hopes ; 120
Where Flow'rs autumnal spring, and the rank Mead
Affords the wand'ring Hares a rich Repast ;
Throw off thy ready Pack. See, where they spread
And range around, and dash the glitt'ring Dew.
If some stanch Hound, with his authentic Voice, 125
Avow the recent Trail, the jostling Tribe
Attend his Call, then with one mutual Cry,
The welcome News confirm, and echoing Hills
Repeat the pleasing Tale. See how they thread
The Brakes, and up yon Furrow drive along ! 130
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager Haste ; then o'er the fallow'd Ground
How leisurely they work, and many a Pause
Th' harmonious Confort breaks ; 'till more assur'd
With Joy redoubled the low Vallies ring. 135
What artful Labyrinths perplex their Way !
Ah ! there she lies ; how close ! she pants, she doubts
If now she lives ; she trembles as she sits,
With Horror seiz'd. The wither'd Grass that clings
Around

Around her Head, of the same russet Hue 140
Almost deceiv'd my Sight, had not her Eyes
With Life full-beaming her vain Wiles betray'd,
At Distance draw thy Pack, let all be hush'd,
No Clamour loud, no frantic Joy be heard,
Lest the wild Hound run gadding o'er the Plain 145
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding Voice.
Now gently put her off; see how direct
To her known Muse she flies! Here Huntsman bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly Hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop, 150
And seem to plough the Ground! then all at once
With greedy Nostrils snuff the fuming Steam
That glads their flutt'ring Hearts. As Winds let loose
From the dark Caverns of the blust'ring God,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy Lawn. 155
Hope gives them Wings, while she's spurr'd on by Fear.
The Welkin rings, Men, Dogs, Hills, Rocks, and Woods
In the full Confort join. Now my brave Youths,
Stripp'd for the Chase, give all your Souls to Joy!
See how their Coursers, than the Mountain Roe 160
More fleet, the verdant Carpet skim, thick Clouds

Snorting

Snorting they breath, their shining Hoofs scarce print
The Grass unbruised with Emulation fir'd
They strain to lead the Field, top the barr'd Gate,
O'er the deep Ditch exulting Bound, and brush 165
The thorny-twining Hedge: The Riders bend
O'er their arch'd Necks; with steady Hands, by turns
Indulge their Speed, or moderate their Rage.
Where are their Sorrows, Disappointments, Wrongs,
Vexations, Sickness, Cares? All, all are gone, 170
And with the panting Winds lag far behind.

HUNTSMAN! her Gait observe, if in wide Rings
She wheel her mazy Way, in the same Round
Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten Track.
But if she fly, and with the fav'ring Wind 175
Urge her bold Course; less intricate thy Task:
Push on thy Pack. Like some poor exil'd Wretch
The frightened Chase leaves her late dear Abodes,
O'er Plains remote she stretches far away,
Ah! never to return! For greedy Death 180
Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his Prey.

HARK!

HARK! from yon Covert, where those tow'ring Oaks
Above the humble Copse aspiring rise,
What glorious Triumphs burst in ev'ry Gale
Upon our ravish'd Ears! The Hunters shout, 185
The clanging Horns swell their sweet-winding Notes,
The Pack wide-op'ning load the trembling Air
With various Melody; from Tree to Tree
The propagated Cry, redoubling Bounds,
And winged Zephyrs waft the floating Joy 190
Thro' all the Regions near: Afflictive Birch
No more the School-boy dreads, his Prison broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his Master's Call.
The weary Traveller forgets his Road,
And climbs th' adjacent Hill; the Ploughman leaves 195
Th' unfinish'd Furrow; nor his bleating Flocks
Are now the Shepherd's Joy; Men, Boys, and Girls
Desert th' unpeopled Village; and wild Crowds
Spread o'er the Plain, by the sweet Frenzy seiz'd.
Look, how she pants! and o'er yon op'ning Glade 200
Slips glancing by; while at the further End,
'The puzzling Pack unravel Wile by Wile.

Maze

Maze within Maze. The Covert's utmost Bound
Slyly she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very Track, so lately stain'd 205
By all the steaming Croud, seems to pursue
The Foes she flies. Let Cavillers deny
That Brutes have Reason; sure 'tis something more,
'Tis Heav'n directs, and Stratagems inspires,
Beyond the short Extent of human Thought. 210
But hold—I see her from the Covert break;
Sad on yon little Eminence she sits;
Intent she listens with one Ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new Course to take,
And how t'escape the fierce blood-thirsty Crew, 215
That still urge on, and still in Volleys loud,
Insult her Woes, and mock her sore Distress.
As now in louder Peals, the loaded Winds
Bring on the gath'ring Storm, her Fears prevail;
And o'er the Plain, and o'er the Mountain's Ridge,
Away she flies; nor Ships with Wind and Tide 221
And all their Canvass Wings skud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial Train, your Courage try,
And each clean Courser's Speed. We scour along,

D

In

In pleasing Hurry and Confusion tost; 225
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient Pack
Hang on the Scent unwearied, up they climb,
And ardent we pursue; our lab'ring Steeds
We press, we gore; till once the Summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breath awhile; 230
Then like a foaming Torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the Vale.
Happy the Man, who with unrival'd Speed
Can pass his Fellows, and with Pleasure view
The struggling Pack; how in the rapid Course 235
Alternate they preside, and jostling push
To guide the dubious Scent; how giddy Youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser Age reprov'd;
How niggard of his Strength, the wise old Hound
Hangs in the Rear, 'till some important Point 240
Rouse all his Diligence, or 'till the Chase
Sinking he finds; then to the Head he springs
With Thirst of Glory fir'd, and wins the Prize.
Huntsman, take heed; they stop in full career.
Yon crowding Flocks, that at a Distance gaze, 245
Have haply foil'd the Turf. See! that old Hound,
How

How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful Sense; draw yet a wider Ring.
Hark! now again the Chorus fills. As Bells
Sally'd a While at once their Peal renew, 250
And high in Air the tuneful Thunder rolls.
See, how they tofs, with animated Rage
Recov'ring all they lost!—That eager Haste
Some doubling Wile foreshews.—Ah! yet once more
They're check'd,--hold back with Speed--on either Hand
They flourish round — ev'n yet persist — 'Tis Right,
Away they spring; the rustling Stubbles bend
Beneath the driving Storm. Now the poor Chase
Begins to flag, to her last Shifts reduc'd.
From Brake to Brake she flies, and visits all 260
Her well-known Haunts, where once she rang'd secure,
With Love and Plenty blest. See! there she goes,
She reels along, and by her Gait betrays
Her inward Weakness. See, how black she looks!
The Sweat that clogs th'obstructed Pores, scarce leaves
A languid Scent. And now in open View 266
See, see, she flies! each eager Hound exerts
His utmost Speed, and stretches ev'ry Nerve.

How quick she turns! their gaping Jaws eludes,
And yet a Moment lives; 'till round inclos'd 270
By all the greedy Pack, with infant Screams
She yields her Breath, and there reluctant dies.
So when the furious *Bacchanals* assail'd
Threician Orpheus, poor ill-fated Bard! 274
Loud was the Cry, Hills, Woods, and *Hebrus'* Banks
Return'd their clam'rous Rage; distress'd he flies
Shifting from Place to Place, but flies in vain;
For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
By noisy Multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks,
To the relentless Crowd a bleeding Prey. 280

THE Huntsman now, a deep Incision made
Shakes out with Hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking Entrails, and yet quiv'ring Heart:
These claim the Pack, the bloody Perquisite 284
For all their Toils. Stretch'd on the Ground she lies,
A mangled Coarse; in her dim glaring Eyes
Cold Death exults, and stiffens ev'ry Limb.
Aw'd by the threat'ning Whip, the furious Hounds
Around her Bay; or at their Master's Foot,

Each

Book II. The C H A S E. 53

Each happy Fav'rite courts his kind Applause. 290
With humble Adulation cow'ring low.

All now is Joy. With Cheeks full-blown they wind
Her solemn Dirge, while the loud-op'ning Pack
The Concert swell, and Hills and Dales return
The sadly-pleasing Sounds. Thus the poor Hare, 295
A puny, dastard Animal, but vers'd.

In subtle Wiles, diverts the youthful Train.

But if thy proud aspiring Soul disdains
So mean a Prey, delighted with the Pomp,
Magnificence and Grandeur of the Chase ; 300
Hear what the Muse from faithful Records sings.

WHY on the Banks of *Gemna*, *Indian* Stream
Line within Line, rise the Pavilions proud,
Their filken Streamers waving in the Wind ?
Why neighs the warrior Horse ? From Tent to Tent,
Why prefs in Crowds the buzzing Multitude ? 306
Why shines the polish'd Helm, and pointed Lance,
'This Way and that far-beaming o'er the Plain ?
Nor *Visapour* nor *Golconda* rebel ;
Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous Host 310

Lays waste the Provinces ; nor Glory fires
To rob, and to destroy, beneath the Name
And specious Guise of War. A nobler Cause
Calls *Aurengzebe* to Arms. No Cities sack'd,
No Mother's Tears, no helpless Orphan's Cries, 315
No violated Leagues, with sharp Remorse
Shall sting the conscious Victor : But Mankind
Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on Beasts
He draws his vengeful Sword ; on Beasts of Prey
Full-fed with human Gore. See, see, he comes ; 320
Imperial *Dehli* op'ning wide her Gates,
Pours out her thronging Legions, bright in Arms,
And all the Pomp of War. Before them sound
Clarions and Trumpets. Breathing Martial Airs,
And bold Defiance. High upon his Throne, 325
Borne on the Back of his proud Elephant,
Sits the great Chief of *Tamur's* glorious Race :
Sublime he sits, amid the radiant Blaze
Of Gems and Gold. *Omrahs* about him crowd,
And rein th' *Arabian* Steed, and watch his Nod : 330
And potent *Rajahs*, who themselves preside
O'er Realms of wide Extent ; but here submit
Their

Their Homage pay, alternate Kings and Slaves.
Next these with prying Eunuchs girt around,
The fair Sultanas of his Court; a Troop 335
Of chosen Beauties, but with Care conceal'd
From each intrusive Eye; one Look is Death.
Ah cruel *Eastern* Law! (had Kings a Pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannic Will)
To rob us of the Sun's all-cheering Ray, 340
Were less severe. The Vulgar close the March,
Slaves and Artificers; and *Dehli* mourns
Her empty and depopulated Streets.
Now at the Camp arriv'd, with stern Review,
Thro' Groves of Spears, from File to File, he darts 345
His sharp experienc'd Eye; their Order marks,
Each in his Station rang'd, exact and firm,
'Till in the boundless Line his Sight is lost.
Not greater Multitudes in Arms appear'd,
On these extended Plains, when *Ammon's* Son 350
With mighty *Porus* in dread Battle join'd,
The Vassal World the Prize. Nor was that Host
More numerous of old, which the great * King

* *Xerxes.*

Pour'd out on *Greece* from all th' unpeopled East;
That bridg'd the *Hellepont* from Shore to Shore, 355
And drank the Rivers dry. Mean While in Troops
The busy Hunter-train mark out the Ground,
A wide Circumference ; full many a League
In Compass round ; Woods, Rivers, Hills, and Plains,
Large Provinces ; enough to gratify 360
Ambition's highest Aim, could Reason bound
Man's erring Will. Now sit in close Divan
The mighty Chiefs of this prodigious Host.
He from the Throne high-eminent presides, 364
Gives out his Mandates proud, Laws of the Chase,
From ancient Records drawn. With Rev'ence low,
And prostrate at his Feet, the Chiefs receive
His irreversible Decrees, from which
To vary, is to die. Then his brave Bands
Each to his Station leads ; encamping round, 370
'Till the wide Circle is completely form'd.
Where decent Order reigns, what these command
Those execute with Speed, and punctual Care ;
In all the strictest Discipline of War :
As if some watchful Foe, with bold Insult, 375

Hung

Hung low'ring o'er their Camp. The high Resolve,
That flies on Wings, thro' all th'encircling Line,
Each Motion steers, and animates the Whole.
So by the Sun's attractive Pow'r controll'd,
The Planets in their Spheres roll round his Orb, 380
On all he shines, and rules the great Machine.

E'ER yet the Morn dispels the fleeting Mists,
The Signal giv'n by the loud 'Trumpet's Voice,
Now high in Air, th' Imperial Standard waves, 384
Emblazon'd rich with Gold, and glitt'ring Gems;
And like a Sheet of Fire, thro' the dun Gloom
Streaming Meteorous. The Soldier's Shouts,
And all the brazen Instruments of War,
With mutual Clamour, and united Din,
Fill the large Concave. While from Camp to Camp,
They catch the varied Sounds, floating in Air. 391
Round all the wide Circumference, Tygers fell,
Shrink at the Noise; deep in his gloomy Den
The Lion starts, and Morfels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling Jaws. Now all at once 595
Onward they march embattl'd, to the Sound

Of

Of martial Harmony; Fifes, Cornets, Drums,
That rouse the fleepy Soul to Arms, and bold
Heroic Deeds. In Parties here and there
Detach'd o'er Hill and Dale, the Hunters range 400
Inquisitive; strong Dogs that match in Fight
The boldest Brute, around their Masters wait,
A faithful Guard. No Haunt unsearch'd, they drive
From ev'ry Covert, and from ev'ry Den,
The lurking Savages. Incessant Shouts 405
Re-echo thro' the Woods, and kindling Fires
Gleam from the Mountain Tops; the Forest seems
One mingling Blaze: Like Flocks of Sheep they fly
Before the flaming Brand: Fierce Lions, Pard,
Boars, Tygers, Bears, and Wolves; a dreadful Crew
Of grim blood-thirsty Foes, growling along, 411
They stalk indignant; but fierce Vengeance still
Hangs pealing on their Rear, and pointed Spears
Present immediate Death. Soon as the Night
Wrapt in her sable Veil forbids the Chase, 415
They pitch their Tents, in even Ranks, around
The circling Camp. The Guards are plac'd, and Fires
At proper Distances ascending rise,

And

And paint th' Horizon with their ruddy light.
So round some Island's Shore of large Extent, 420
Amid the gloomy Horrors of the Night,
The Billows breaking on the pointed Rocks,
Seem all one Flame, and the bright Circuit wide
Appears a Bulwark of furrounding Fire.
What dreadful Howlings, and what hideous Roar, 425
Disturb those peaceful Shades! where erst the Bird
That glads the Night, had cheer'd the list'ning Groves
With sweet Complainings. Thro' the silent Gloom
Oft they the Guards assail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling Rage 430
Stung to the Quick, and mad with wild Despair.
Thus Day by Day, they still the Chase renew;
At Night encamp; 'till now in straighter Bounds
The Circle lessens, and the Beasts perceive
The Wall that hems them in on ev'ry Side. 435
And now their Fury bursts, and knows no Mean;
From Man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd Rage
Against their fellow Brutes. With Teeth and Claws
The Civil War begins; grappling they tear,
Lions on Tygers prey, and Bears on Wolves: 440
Horrible

Horrible Discord! 'Till the Crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody Fray.
At once their Wrath subsides; tame as the Lamb
The Lion hangs his Head, the furious Pard,
Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the Face of Man, 445
Nor bears one Glance of his commanding Eye.
So abject is a Tyrant in Distress.

At last within the narrow Plain confin'd,
A list'd Field, mark'd out for bloody Deeds,
An Amphitheatre more glorious far, 450
Than ancient *Rome* could boast, they crowd in heaps,
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet Array
Sheath'd in refulgent Arms, a noble Band
Advance; great Lords of high Imperial Blood,
Early resolv'd to assert their Royal Race, 455
And prove by glorious Deeds their Valour's Growth
Mature, e'er yet the callow Down has spread
Its curling Shade. On bold *Arabian* Steeds
With decent Pride they sit, that fearless hear
The Lion's dreadful Roar; and down the Rock 460
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the Mountain's Ridge
Stretching

Stretching along, the greedy Tyger leave
Panting behind. On Foot their faithful Slaves
With Jav'lins arm'd attend; each watchful Eye
Fix'd on his youthful Care, for him alone 465
He fears, and to redeem his Life, unmov'd
Wou'd lose his own. The mighty *Aurengzebe*,
From this high-elevated Throne, beholds
His blooming Race; revolving in his Mind
What once he was, in his gay Spring of Life, 470
When Vigour strung his Nerves. Parental Joy
Melts in his Eyes, and flushes in his Cheeks.
Now the loud Trumpet sounds a Charge. The Shouts
Of eager Hosts, thro' all the circling Line,
And the wild Howlings of the Beasts within 475
Rend wide the Welkin, Flights of Arrows, wing'd
With Death, and Javelins lanc'd from ev'ry Arm,
Gall fore the brutal Bands, with many a Wound
Gor'd thro', and thro'. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting Nature shrinks, and rouses all 480
Their drooping Courage. Swell'd with furious Rage,
Their Eyes dart Fire; and on the youthful Band
They rush implacable. They their broad Shields

Quick

Quick interpose; on each devoted Head
Their flaming Falchions, as the Bolts of *Jove*, 485
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the Ground
The grinning Monsters lie, and their foul Gore
Defiles the verdant Plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty Slaves; with pointed Spears they pierce
Thro' their tough Hides; or at their gaping Mouths
An easier Passage find. The King of Brutes 491
In broken Roarings breaths his last; the Bear
Grumbles in Death! nor can his spotted Skin,
Tho' flick it shine, with varied Beauties gay,
Save the proud Pard from unrelenting Fate. 495
The Battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy Jaws, grins o'er her Prey.
Men, Horses, Dogs, fierce Beasts of ev'ry kind,
A strange promiscuous Carnage, drench'd in Blood,
And Heaps on Heaps amass'd: What yet remain 500
Alive, with vain Assault contend to break
Th' impenetrable Line. Others, whom Fear
Inspires with self-preserving Wiles, beneath
The Bodies of the Slain for Shelter creep.
Aghast they fly, or hide their Heads dispers'd. 505
And

And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd) the Work
Of Death had been complete; and *Aurengzebe*
By one dread Frown extinguish'd half their Race.
When lo! the bright Sultanas of his Court
Appear, and to his ravish'd Eyes display 510
Those Charms, but rarely to the Day reveal'd.

LOWLY they bend, and humbly sue, to save
The vanquish'd Host. What Mortal can deny
When suppliant Beauty begs? At his Command
Op'ning to Right and Left, the well-train'd Troops 515
Leave a large Void for their retreating Foes.
Away they fly, on Wings of Fear upborn,
To seek on distant Hills their late Abodes.

YE proud Oppressors, whose vain Hearts exult
In Wantonness of Pow'r, 'gainst the brute Race, 520
Fierce Robbers like yourselves, a guiltless War
Wage uncontroll'd: Here quench your Thirst of Blood;
But learn from *Aurengzebe* to spare Mankind.

The ARGUMENT of the Third Book.

OF King Edgar and his imposing a Tribute of Wolves Heads upon the Kings of Wales: From hence a Transition to Fox-Hunting, which is described in all its Parts. Censure of an Over-numerous Pack. Of the several Engines to destroy Foxes, and other Wild Beasts. The Steel-Trap described, and the Manner of using it. Description of the Pitfall for the Lion; and another for the Elephant. The ancient Way of Hunting the Tyger with a Mirror. The Arabian Manner of Hunting the Wild Boar. Description of the Royal Stag-Chase at Windsor Forest: Concludes with an Address to his Majesty, and an Eulogy upon Mercy.

And from rapacious Savages their Flocks. 15
Cambria's proud Kings (tho' with Reluctance) paid
Their tributary Wolves; Head after Head,
In full Account, 'till the Woods yield no more,
And all the rav'nous Race extinct is lost.
In fertile Pastures, more securely 'graz'd 20
The social Troops; and soon their large Increase
With curling Fleeces whiten'd all the Plains.
But yet alas! the wily Fox remain'd,
A subtle, pilf'ring Foe, proling around
In Midnight Shades, and wakeful to destroy. 25
In the full Fold, the poor defenceless Lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful Arts, with sweet warm Blood
Supplies a rich Repast. The mournful Ewe,
Her dearest Treasure lost, thro' the dun Night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain: 30
While in th' adjacent Bush, poor *Philomel*,
(Herself a Parent once, 'till wanton Churls
Despoil'd her Nest) joins in her loud Laments,
With sweeter Notes, and more melodious Woe. 34

For these nocturnal Thieves, Huntsman, prepare
Thy sharpest Vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
To right th'oppress'd, and bring the Felon vile
To just Disgrace! Ere yet the Morning peep,
Or Stars retire from the first Blush of Day,
With thy far-echoing Voice alarm thy Pack, 40
And rouse thy bold Compeers. Then to the Copse,
Thick with entangling Grass, or prickly Furze
With Silence lead thy many-colour'd Hounds,
In all their Beauty's Pride. See! how they range
Dispers'd, how busily this Way and that, 45
They cross, examining with curious Nose
Each likely Haunt. Hark! on the Drag I hear
Their doubtful Notes, preluding to a Cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with ev'ry Mouth.
As straggling Armies, at the Trumpet's Voice, 50
Press to their Standard; hither all repair,
And hurry thro' the Woods; with hasty Step
Rustling, and full of Hope; now driv'n on Heaps
They push, they strive: While from his Kennel sneaks
The conscious Villain. See! he skulks along, 55

Slick at the Shepherd's Coft, and plump with Meals
 Purloin'd. So thrive the Wicked here below.
 Tho' high his Brush he bear, tho' tipt with white
 It gaily fhine; yet ere the Sun declin'd
 Recall the Shades of Night, the pamper'd Rogue 60
 Shall rue his Fate revers'd; and at his Heels
 Behold the juft Avenger, fwift to feize
 His forfeit Head, and thirfting for his Blood.

HEAV'NS! what melodious Strains! how beat our Hearts
 Big with tumultuous Joy! the loaded Gales 65
 Breath Harmony; and as the Tempeft drives
 From Wood to Wood, thro' ev'ry dark Recess
 The Forest thunders, and the Mountains shake.
 The Chorus fwells; lefs various, and lefs sweet
 The trilling Notes, when in thofe very Groves, 70
 The feather'd Chorifters falute the Spring,
 And ev'ry Bush in Confort joins; or when
 The Master's Hand, in modulated Air,
 Bids the loud Organ breath, and all the Pow'rs
 Of Mufic in one Inftrument combine, 75
 An univerfal Minftrelfy. And now

In

In vain each Earth he tries, the Doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the Covert safe;
He pants for purer Air. Hark! what loud Shouts
Re-echo thro' the Groves! he breaks away, 80
Shrill Horns proclaim his Flight. Each straggling Hound
Strains o'er the Lawn to reach the distant Pack.
'Tis Triumph all and Joy. Now, my brave Youths,
Now give a Loose to the clean gen'rous Steed;
Flourish the Whip, nor spare the galling Spur; 85
But in the Madness of Delight, forget
Your Fears. Far o'er the rocky Hills we range,
And dangerous our Course; but in the Brave,
True Courage never fails. In vain the Stream
In foaming Eddies whirls; in vain the Ditch 90
Wide-gaping threatens Death. The craggy Steep,
Where the poor dizzy Shepherd crawls with Care,
And clings to ev'ry Twig, gives us no Pain;
But down we sweep, as sloops the Falcon bold
To pounce his Prey. Then up th'opponent Hill, 95
By the swift Motion flung, we mount aloft.
So Ships in Winter-Seas now sliding sink

Adown the steepy Wave ; then tofs'd on high
Ride on the Billows, and defy the Storm.

WHAT Lengths we pass ! where will the wand'ring Chase
Lead us bewilder'd ! smooth as Swallows skim 101
The new-thorn Mead, and far more swift we fly.
See my brave Pack ! how to the Head they press,
Jostling in close Array, then more diffuse 104
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning Mouths
The vollied Thunder breaks. So when the Cranes
Their annual Voyage steer, with wanton Wing
Their Figure oft they change, and their loud Clang
From Cloud to Cloud rebounds. How far behind
The Hunter-Crew, wide-straggling o'er the Plain ! 110
The panting Courser now with trembling Nerves
Begins to reel ; urg'd by the goring Spur,
Makes many a faint Effort : He snorts, he foams ;
The big round Drops run trickling down his Sides,
With Sweat and Blood distain'd. Look back and view
The strange Confusion of the Vale below, 116
Where four Vexation reigns ; see, yon poor Jade,
In vain th'impatient Rider frets and swears

With

With galling Spurs harrows his mangled Sides ;
He can no more: His stiff unpliant Limbs 120
Rooted in Earth, unmov'd, and fix'd he stands,
For ev'ry cruel Curse returns a Groan,
And fobs, and faints, and dies. Who without Grief
Can view that pamper'd Steed, his Master's Joy,
His Minion, and his daily Care, well cloth'd, 125
Well-fed with ev'ry nicer Cate; no Cost,
No Labour spar'd; who, when the flying Chase
Broke from the Copse, without a Rival led
The num'rous Train: Now a sad Spectacle
Of Pride brought low, and humbled Insolence, 130
Drove like a pannier'd Afs, and scourg'd along.
While these with loosen'd Reins, and dangling Heels,
Hang on their reeling Palfreys, that scarce bear
Their Weights; another in the treach'rous Bog
Lies flound'ring halfingulph'd. What biting Thoughts
Torment th' abandon'd Crew! old Age laments 136
His Vigour spent: The tall, plump, brawny Youth
Curfes his cumb'rous Bulk; and envies now
The short Pygmean Race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud insulting Leer. A chosen few 140

Alone the Sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleasing Toils. Here, Huntsman, from this Height
Observe yon Birds of Prey; if I can judge,
'Tis there the Villain lurks; they hover round
And claim him as their own. Was I not right? 145
See! there he creeps along; his Brush he drags,
And sweeps the Mire impure; from his wide Jaws
His 'Tongue unmoisten'd hangs; Symptoms too sure
Of sudden Death. Hah! yet he flies, nor yields
To black Despair. But one Loose more, and all 150
His Wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon Village now
The rattling Clamour rings. The Barns, the Cots
And leafless Elms return the joyous Sounds.
Thro' ev'ry Homestall, and thro' ev'ry Yard,
His midnight Walks, panting, forlorn, he flies; 155
Thro' ev'ry Hole he sneaks, thro' ev'ry Jakes
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior Stench to lose his own:
But faithful to the Track, th' unerring Hounds
With Peals of echoing Vengeance close pursue. 160
And now distress'd, no shelt'ring Covert near
Into the Hen-roost creeps, whose Walls with Gore
Distain'd

Distain'd attest his Guilt. There, Villain, there
Expect thy Fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
The Pack inquisitive, with Clamour loud, 165
Drag out their trembling Prize: and on his Blood
With greedy Transport feast. In bolder Notes
Each founding Horn proclaims the Felon dead:
And all th' assembled Village shouts for Joy.
The Farmer who beholds his mortal Foe 170
Stretch'd at his Feet, applauds the glorious Deed,
And grateful calls us to a short Repast:
In the full Glass the liquid Amber smiles,
Our native Product. And his good old Mate
With choicest Viands, heaps the lib'ral Board, 175
To crown our Triumphs, and reward our Toils.

HERE must th' instructive Muse (but with Respect)
Censure that num'rous Pack, that Croud of State,
With which the vain Profusion of the Great
Covers the Lawn, and shakes the trembling Copse.
Pompous Incumbrance! A Magnificence 181
Useless, vexatious! For the wily Fox,
Safe in th' increasing Number of his Foes,

Kens

Kens well the great Advantage: Slinks behind
 And flyly creeps thro' the same beaten Track, 185
 And hunts them Step by Step; then views escap'd,
 With inward Ecstasy, the panting Throng
 In their own Footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
 So when proud *Eastern* Kings, summon to Arms
 Their gaudy Legions, from far distant Climes 190
 They flock in Crouds, unpeopling half a World:
 But when the Day of Battle calls them forth
 To charge the well-train'd Foe, a Band compact
 Of chosen Vet'ranes; they press blindly on,
 In Heaps confus'd, by their own Weapons fall 195
 A smoking Carnage scatter'd o'er the Plain.

NOR Hounds alone this noxious Brood destroy:
 The plunder'd Warrener full many a Wile
 Devises to entrap his greedy Foe,
 Fat with nocturnal Spoils. At Close of Day, 200
 With Silence drags his Trail; then from the Ground
 Pares thin the close-graz'd Turf, there with nice Hand
 Covers the latent Death, with curious Springs
 Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the Tread

Of

Of Man or Beast, unwarily shall press 205
The yielding Surface. By th'indented Steel
With Gripe tenacious held, the Felon grins,
And struggles, but in vain: Yet oft 'tis known,
When ev'ry Art has fail'd, the captive Fox
Has shar'd the wounded Joint, and with a Limb 210
Compounded for his Life. But if perchance
In the deep Pitfall plung'd there's no escape;
But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in Air
The Jest of Clowns, his reeking Carcass hangs.

OF these are various Kinds; not ev'n the King 215
Of Brutes evades this deep devouring Grave:
But by the wily *African* betray'd,
Heedless of Fate, within its gaping Jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient Beam
With Blushes paints the Dawn; and all the Race 220
Carnivorous, with Blood full-gorg'd, retire
Into their darksome Cells, there satiate snore
O'er dripping Offals, and the mangled Limbs
Of Men and Beasts; the painful Forester
Climbs the high Hills, whose proud aspiring Tops, 225
With

With the tall Cedar crown'd, and taper Fir,
Affail the Clouds. There 'mong the craggy Rocks,
And Thickets intricate, trembling he views
His Footsteps in the Sand; the dismal Road
And Avenue to Death. Hither he calls' 230
His watchful Bands; and low into the Ground
A Pit they sink, full many a Fathom deep.
Then in the midst a Column high is rear'd,
The Butt of some fair Tree; upon whose Top
A Lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his Dam. 235
And next a Wall they build, with Stones and Earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all View
The dreadful Precipice. Now when the Shades
Of Night hang low'ring o'er the Mountain's Brow;
And Hunger keen, and pungent Thirst of Blood, 240
Rouze up the slothful Beast, he shakes his Sides,
Slow-rising from his Lair, and stretches wide
His rav'nous Paws, with recent Gore distain'd.
The Forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears 245
The bleating Innocent, that claims in vain
The Shepherd's Care, and seeks with piteous Moan
The

The foodful Teat; himself, alas! design'd
Another's Meal. For now the greedy Brute
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the Mound 250
To seize his trembling Prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep Abyfs. Prostrate he lies
Aftunn'd and Impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine Eye-balls flashing Fire, thy Length of Tail,
That lashes thy broad Sides, thy Jaws befmeared 255
With Blood and Offals crude, thy shaggy Main
The Terror of the Woods, thy stately Port,
And Bulk enormous, since by Stratagem
Thy Strength is foil'd? Unequal is the Strife,
When sov'reign Reason combats brutal Rage. 260

ON distant *Ethiopia's* Sun burnt Coasts,
The black Inhabitants a Pitfall frame,
But of a different Kind, and different Use.
With slender Poles the wide capacious Mouth,
And Hurdles flight, they close; o'er these is spread 265
A Floor of verdant Turf, with all its Flow'rs
Smiling delusive, and from strictest Search
Concealing the deep Grave, that yawns below.

Then

Then Boughs of Trees they cut, with tempting Fruit
Of various Kinds furcharg'd; the downy Peach, 270
The clust'ring Vine, and of bright golden Rind
The fragrant Orange. Soon as Ev'ning grey
Advances flow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing Dews, the thirsty Glebe,
The stately Elephant from the close Shade 275
With Step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler Breeze, that from the Sea-beat Shore
Delightful breaths, or in the limpid Stream
To lave his panting Sides; joyous he scents
The rich Repast, unweeting of the Death 280
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle Boughs, and greedily devours
The Fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The Price his Life. For now the treach'rous Turf
Trembling gives way; and the unweildly Beast 285
Self-sinking, drops into the dark Profound.
So when dilated Vapours, struggling heave
Th' incumbent Earth; if Chance the cavern'd Ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin Surface yield, 289
Down sinks at once the pond'rous Dome, ingulph'd
With

With all its Tow'rs. Subtle, delusive Man!
How various are thy Wiles! Artful to kill
Thy savage Foes, a dull unthinking Race.
Fierce from his Lair, springs forth the speckled Pard,
Thirsting for Blood, and eager to destroy; 295
The Huntsman flies, but to his Flight alone
Confides not: At convenient Distance fix'd,
A polish'd Mirror, stops in full Career
The furious Brute: He there his Image views;
Spots against Spots with Rage improving glow; 300
Another Pard his bristly Whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Distends his op'ning Paws; himself against
Himself oppos'd, and with dread Vengeance arm'd.
The Huntsman now secure, with fatal Aim 305
Directs the pointed Spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival Shade.
Thus Man innum'rous Engines forms, t' assail
The Savage Kind: But most the docile Horse,
Swift and confederate with Man, annoys 301
His Brethren of the Plains; without whose Aid
The Hunters Arts were vain, unskill'd to wage

With

With the more active Brutes, an equal War.
But borne by him, without the well-train'd Pack,
Man dares his Foe, on Wings of Winds secure. 215

HIM the fierce *Arab* mounts, and with his Troop
Of bold Compeers, ranges the Deserts 'wild.
Where by the Magnet's Aid, the Traveller
Steers his untrodden Course; yet oft on Land
Is wreck'd in the high-rolling Waves of Sand 320
Immerst and lost. While these intrepid Bands,
Safe in their Horse's Speed, out-fly the Storm,
And scouring round, make Men and Beasts their Prey.
The grisly Boar is singled from his Herd,
As large as that in *Erimanthian* Woods, 325
A Match for *Hercules*. Round him they fly
In Circles wide; and each in passing sends
His feather'd Death into his brawny Sides.
But perillous th' Attempt. For if the Steed
Haply too near Approach; or the loose Earth 330
His Footing fail; the watchful angry Beast
Th' Advantage spies; and at one fidelong Glance
Rips up his Groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,

And

And plunging, from his Back the Rider hurls
 Precipitant ; then bleeding spurns the Ground, 335
 And drags his reeking Entrails o'er the Plain.
 Mean While the furly Monster trots along,
 But with unequal Speed ; for still they wound,
 Swift-wheeling in the spacious Ring. A Wood
 Of Darts upon his Back he bears ; adown 340
 His tortur'd Sides, the Crimson Torrents roll
 From many a gaping Font. And now at last
 Stagg'ring he falls, in Blood and Foam expires.

BUT whither roves my devious Muse, intent
 On antique Tales ? while yet the royal Stag 345
 Unfung remains. Tread with respectful Awe
Windfor's green Glades ; where *Denham*, tuneful Bard,
 Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads, with his Song
 Sublimely sweet. O ! grant me, sacred Shade,
 To glean submits what thy full Sickle leaves. 350

THE Morning Sun that gilds with trembling Rays
Windfor's high Tow'rs, beholds the courtly Train
 Mount for the Chase, nor views in all his Course

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 Mount for the Chase, nor views in all his Course

A Scene so gay: heroic, noble Youths,
In Arts, and Arms renown'd, and lovely Nymphs 355
The fairest of this Isle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her *Paphian* Grove
For our more favour'd Shades: In proud Parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The Royal happy Pair. Great in themselves, 360
They smile superior; of external Show
Regardless, while their inbred Virtues give
A Lustre to their Pow'r, and grace their Court
With real Splendors, far above the Pomp
Of eastern Kings, in all their tinsel Pride. 365
Like Troops of Amazons, the Female Band
Prance round their Cars, not in refulgent Arms
As those of old; unskill'd to wield the Sword,
Or bend the Bow, these kill with surer Aim.
The royal Offspring, fairest of the Fair, 370
Lead on the splendid Train. *Anna* more bright
Than Summer Suns, or as the Lightning keen,
With irresistible Effulgence arm'd,
Fires ev'ry Heart. He must be more than Man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing Ray. 375

Amelia,

Amelia, milder than the blushing Dawn,
With sweet engaging Air, but equal Pow'r
Insensibly subdues, and in soft Chains
Her willing Captives leads. Illustrious Maids;
Ever triumphant! whose victorious Charms, 380
Without the needful Aid of high Descent
Had aw'd Mankind, and taught the World's great Lords
To bow and sue for Grace. But who is he
Fresh as a Rose-bud newly blown, and fair
As op'ning Lillies? on whom ev'ry Eye 385
With Joy and Admiration dwells. See, see,
He reins his docile Barb with manly Grace.
Is it *Adonis* for the Chase array'd?
Or *Britain's* second Hope? Hail, blooming Youth!
May all your Virtues with your Years improve, 390
'Till in consummate Worth, you shine the Pride
Of these our Days, and to succeeding Times
A bright Example. As his Guard of Mutes
On the great Sultan wait, with Eyes deject
And fix'd on Earth, no Voice, no Sound is heard 395
Within the wide Serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful Silence reigns; thus stand the Pack

Mute and unmov'd, and cow'ring low to Earth,
While pass the glitt'ring Court, and royal Pair:
So disciplin'd those Hounds, and so reserv'd, 400
Whose Honour 'tis to glad the Hearts of Kings.
But soon the winding Horn, and Huntsman's Voice,
Let loose the gen'ral Chorus; far around
Joy spreads its Wings, and the gay Morning smiles.

UNHARBOUR'D now the royal Stag forsakes 405
His wonted Lair; he shakes his dappled Sides,
And tosses high his beamy Head, the Copse
Beneath his Antlers bends. What doubling Shifts
He tries! not more the wily Hare; in these
Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd Pack 410
With dreadful Confort thunder in his Rear.
The Woods reply, the Hunter's cheering Shouts
Float thro' the Glades, and the wide Forest rings.
How merrily they chant! their Nostrils deep
Inhale the grateful Steam. Such is the Cry, 415
And such th'harmonious Din, the Soldier deems
The Battle kindling, and the Statesman grave
Forgets his weighty Cares; each Age, each Sex

In

In the wild Transport joins ; luxuriant Joy,
And Pleasure in Excess, sparkling exult 420
On ev'ry Brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
How happy art thou Man, when thou'rt no more
Thyself ! when all the Pangs that grind thy Soul,
In Rapture and sweet Oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval, and Ease from Pain. 425

SEE the swift Courser strains, his shining Hoofs
Securely beat the solid Ground. Who now
The dang'rous Pitfall fears, with tangling Heath
High-overgrown ? Or who the quiv'ring Bog
Soft-yielding to the Step ? All now is plain, 430
Plain as the Strand Sea-lav'd, that stretches far
Beneath the rocky Shore. Glades crossing Glades
The Forest opens to our wond'ring View :
Such was the King's Command. Let Tyrants fierce
Lay waste the World ; his the more glorious Part 435
To check their Pride ; and when the brazen Voice
Of War is hush'd, (as erst victorious *Rome*)
T'employ his station'd Legions in the Works
Of Peace ; to smoothe the rugged Wilderness.

To drain the stagnate Fen, to raise the slope 440
Depending Road, and to make gay the Face
Of Nature, with th'embellishments of Art.

How melts my beating Heart! as I behold
Each lovely Nymph our Island's Boast and Pride,
Push on th'gen'rous Steed, that strokes along 445
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy Hill,
Nor falters in th' extended Vale below;
Their Garments loosely waving in the Wind,
And all the Flush of Beauty in their Cheeks.
While at their Sides their penfive Lovers wait, 450
Direct their dubious Course; now chill'd with Fear
Solicitous, and now with Love inflam'd.
O! grant, indulgent Heav'n, no rising Storm
May darken with black Wings, this glorious Scene!
Shou'd some malignant Pow'r thus damp our Joys, 455
Vain were the gloomy Cave, such as of old
Betray'd to lawless love the *Tyrian* Queen.
For *Britain's* virtuous Nymphs are chaste as fair,
Spotless, unblam'd, with equal Triumph reign
In the dun Gloom, as in the Blaze of Day. 460

Now

Now the blown Stag, thro' Woods, Bogs, Roads, and
Has measur'd half the Forest; but alas! (Streams
He flies in vain, he flies not from his Fears.

Tho' far he cast the ling'ring Pack behind,
His haggard Fancy still with Horror views 465

The fell Destroyer; still the fatal Cry
Insults his Ears, and wounds his trembling Heart.

So the poor fury-haunted Wretch (his Hands
In guiltless Blood distain'd.) Still seems to hear
The dying Shrieks; and the pale threat'ning Ghost 470
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.

See here his Slot; up yon green Hill he climbs,
Pants on his Brow awhile, fadly looks back
On his Pursuers, cov'ring all the Plain;
But wrung with Anguish, bears not long the Sight 475
Shoots down the Steep, and sweats along the Vale:
There mingles with the Herd, where once he reign'd
Proud Monarch of the Groves, whose clashing Beam
His Rivals aw'd, and whose exalted Pow'r
Was still rewarded with successful Love. 480

But the base Herd, have learn'd the Ways of Men,

Averse they fly, or with rebellious Aim
Chase him from thence: needless their impious Deed,
The Huntsman knows him by a thousand Marks,
Black, and Imbost; nor are his Hounds deceiv'd; 485
Too well distinguish'd these, and never leave
Their once devoted Foe; familiar grows
His Scent, and strong their Appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled Speed
Skims o'er the Lawn; still the tenacious Crew 490
Hang on the Track, aloud demand their Prey
And push him many a League. If haply then
Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly Train
Behind are cast, the Huntsman's clanging Whip
Stops full their bold Career; passive they stand, 495
Unmov'd, an humble, an obsequious Crowd,
As if by stern *Medusa* gaz'd to Stones.
So at their Gen'ral's Voice whole Armies halt
In full Pursuit, and check their Thirst of Blood.
Soon at the King's Command, like hasty Streams 500
Damm'd up a While, they foam, and pour along
With fresh recruited Might. The Stag, who hop'd
His Foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd

The

The dreadful Din; he shivers ev'ry Limb,
He starts, he bounds; each Bush presents a Foe. 505
Press'd by the fresh Relay, no Pause allow'd,
Breathless, and faint, he falters in his Pace,
And lifts his weary Limbs with Pain, that scarce
Sustain their Load; he pants, he sobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy Head to Earth, beneath 510
His cumb'rous Beams oppress'd. But if perchance
Some prying Eye surprize him; soon he rears
Erect his tow'ring Front, bounds o'er the Lawn
With ill-dissembled Vigour, to amuse
The knowing Forester; who inly smiles 515
At his weak shifts, and unavailing Frauds.
So Midnight Tapers waste their last Remains,
Shine forth a While, and as they blaze expire.
From Wood to Wood redoubling Thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the Vales; the moving Storm 520
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant Shouts,
And Horns shrill-warbling in each Glade, prelude
To his approaching Fate. And now in view
With hobbling Gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
What Strength is left: To the last Dregs of Life 525
Reduc'd

Reduc'd, his Spirits fail, on ev'ry Side
Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least Op'ning left
To gleaming Hope, th' Unhappy's last Reserve.
Where shall he turn? Or whither fly? Despair
Gives Courage to the Weak. Resolv'd to die, 530
He fears no more, but rushes on his Foes,
And deals his Deaths around; beneath his Feet
These grovelling lie, those by his Antlers gor'd
Defile th' enfanguin'd Plain. Ah! see distress'd
He stands at Bay against yon knotty Trunk, 535
That covers well his Rear, his Front presents
An Host of Foes. O! shun, ye noble Train,
The rude Encounter, and believe your Lives
Your Country's Due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his Soul uprais'd, 540
To dare some great Exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken Pack, that on each Side
Fly diverse; then as o'er the Turf he strains,
He vents the cooling Stream, and up the Breeze
Urges his Course with eager Violence: 545
Then takes the Soil, and plunges in the Flood
Precipitant; down the Mid-Stream he wafts
Along,

Along, 'till (like a Ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding Creek) close to the Verge
Of a small Island, for his weary Feet 550
Sure Anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd.
His Nose alone above the Wave, draws in
The vital Air; all else beneath the Flood
Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying Eye
Of Man or Brute. In vain the crowding Pack 555
Draw on the Margin of the Stream, or cut
The liquid Wave with oary Feet, that move
In equal Time. The gliding Waters leave
No Trace behind, and his contracted Pores
But sparingly perspire: the Huntsman strains 560
His lab'ring Lungs, and puffs his Cheeks in vain:
At length a Blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
And exquisite of Sense, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the Flood, his Mouth
Loud-op'ning spends amain, and his wide Throat 565
Swells ev'ry Note with Joy; then fearless dives
Beneath the Wave, hangs on his Hanch, and wounds
Th' unhappy Brute, that flounders in the Stream,
Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount

The

The steepy Shore. Haply once more escap'd; 570
Again he stands at Bay, amid the Groves
Of Willows, bending low their downy Heads.
Outragious Transport fires the greedy Pack;
These swim the deep, and those crawl up with Pain
The flipp'ry Bank, while others on firm Land 575
Engage, the Stag repells each bold Assault,
Maintains his Post, and Wounds for Wounds returns.
As when some wily Corfair boards a Ship
Full-freighted, or from *Afric's* golden Coasts,
Or *India's* wealthy Strand, his bloody Crew 580
Upon her Deck he flings; these in the Deep
Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy Sides,
And clinging climb aloft; while those on Board
Urge on the Work of Fate; the Master bold
Press'd to his last Retreat; bravely resolves 585
To sink his Wealth beneath the whelming Wave,
His Wealth, his Foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
So fares it with the Stag: So he resolves
To plunge at once into the Flood below,
Himself, his Foes in one deep Gulph immers'd. 590
Ere yet he executes this dire Intent,

In

In wild Disorder once more views the Light;
Beneath a Weight of Woe, he groans distress'd:
The Tears run trickling down his hairy Cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The King beholds 595
His wretched Plight, and Tendernefs innate
Moves his great Soul. Soon at his high Command
Rebuk'd, the difappointed, hungry Pack
Retire fubmifs, and grumbling quit their Prey.

GREAT Prince! from thee, what may thy Subjects hope;
So kind, and yet fo beneficent to Brutes? 601
O Mercy, heav'nly born! Sweet Attribute!
Thou great, thou beft Prerogative of Pow'r!
Juftice may guard the Throne, but join'd with thee,
On Rocks of Adamant it ftands fecure, 605
And braves the Storm beneath; foon as thy Smiles
Gild the rough Deep, the foaming Waves fubfide,
And all the noify Tumult finks in Peace.

The

The ARGUMENT of the Fourth Book.

O*F the Necessity of destroying some Beasts, and preserving others for the Use of Man. Of breeding of Hounds; the Season for this Business. The Choice of the Dog, of great Moment. Of the Litter of Whelps. Of the Number to be rear'd. Of setting them out to their several Walks. Care to be taken to prevent their Hunting too soon. Of entering the Whelps. Of breaking them from running at Sheep. Of the Diseases of Hounds. Of their Age. Of Madness; two Sorts of it described, the Dumb, and outrageous Madness: Its dreadful Effects. Burning of the Wound recommended as preventing all ill Consequences. The infectious Hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The Vanity of trusting to the many infallible Cures for this Malady. The dismal Effects of the Biting of a Mad Dog, upon Man described. Description of the Otter Hunting. The Conclusion.*



B O O K the Fourth.

W HATE'ER of Earth is form'd, to Earth returns
Diffolv'd : the various Objects we behold,
Plants, Animals, this whole material Mass,
Are ever changing, ever new. The Soul
Of Man alone, that Particle divine 5
Escapes the Wreck of Worlds, when all Things fail.
Hence great the Distance 'twixt the Beasts that perish,
And God's bright Image, Man's immortal Race.
The Brute Creation are his Property,
Subservient to his Will, and for him made. 10
As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
Preserves ; their sole and arbitrary King.
Shou'd he not kill, as erst the *Samian* Sage
Taught unadvis'd, and *Indian* Brachmans now
As vainly preach ; the teeming rav'nous Brutes 15
Might

Might fill the scanty Space of this Terrene,
 Incumb'ring all the Globe: Shou'd not his Care
 Improve his growing Stock, their Kinds might fail,
 Man might once more on Roots, and Acorns feed,
 And thro' the Deserts range, shiv'ring, forlorn, 20
 Quite destitute of ev'ry Solace dear,
 And ev'ry smiling Gaiety of Life.

THE prudent Huntsman therefore will supply
 With annual large Recruits, his broken Pack,
 And propagate their Kind. As from the Root 25
 Fresh Scions still spring forth, and daily yield
 New blooming Honours to the Parent-Tree.
 Far shall his Pack be fam'd, far fought his Breed,
 And Princes at their Tables feast those Hounds
 His Hand presents, an acceptable Boon. 30

ERE yet the Sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd,
 His sleepy Course, or Mother Earth unbound
 Her frozen Bosom to the *Western* Gale;
 When feather'd Troops, their social Leagues dissolv'd,
 Select their Mates, and on the leafless Elm 35
 The

The noisy Rook builds high her wicker Nest;
Mark well the wanton Females of thy Pack,
That curl their taper Tails, and frisking court
Their pyebald Mates enamour'd; their red Eyes
Flash Fires impure; nor Rest, nor Food they take, 40
Goaded by furious Love. In sep'rate Cells
Confine them now, lest bloody Civil Wars
Annoy thy peaceful State. If left at large,
The growling Rivals in dread Battle join,
And rude Encounter. On *Scamander's* Streams 45
Heroes of old with far less Fury fought,
For the bright *Spartan* Dame, their Valour's Prize.
Mangled and torn thy fav'rite Hounds shall lie,
Stretch'd on the Ground; thy Kennel shall appear
A Field of Blood: Like some unhappy Town 50
In Civil Broils confus'd, while Discord shakes
Her bloody Scourge aloft, fierce Parties Rage,
Staining their impious Hands in mutual Death.
And still the best lov'd, and bravest fall:
Such are the dire Effects of lawless Love. 55

HUNTSMAN! these Ills by timely prudent Care
Prevent: For ev'ry longing Dame select
Some happy Paramour; to him alone
In Leagues connubial join. Consider well
His Lineage; what his Fathers did of old, 60
Chiefs of the Pack, and first to climb the Rock,
Or plunge into the Deep, or thread the Brake
With Thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and Briars inwoven.
Observe with Care his Shape, Sort, Colour, Size.
Nor will sagacious Huntsmen less regard 65
His inward Habits; the vain Babbler shun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.
His foolish Offspring shall offend thy Ears
With false Alarms, and loud Impertinence.
Nor less the shifting Cur avoid, that breaks 70
Illusive from the Pack; to the next Hedge
Devious he strays, there ev'ry Muse he tries,
If haply then he crosses the steaming Scent,
Away he flies vain glorious; and exults
As of the Pack supreme, and in his Speed 75
And Strength unrivall'd. Lo! cast far behind
His

His vex'd Associates pant, and lab'ring strain
To climb the steep Ascent. Soon as they reach
Th'insulting Boaster, his false Courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal Noose, 80
His Master's Hate, and Scorn of all the Field.
What can from such be hop'd, but a base Brood
Of Coward Curs, a frantic, vagrant Race?

WHEN now the third revolving Moon appears,
With sharpen'd Horns, above th'Horizon's Brink; 85
Without *Lucina's* Aid, expect thy Hopes
Are amply crown'd; short Pangs produce to Light
The smoking Litter, crawling, helpless, blind,
Nature their Guide, they seek the pouting Teat,
That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender Dam 90
Has form'd them with her Tongue, with Pleasure view
The Marks of their renown'd Progenitors,
Sure Pledge of Triumphs yet to come. All these
Select with Joy; but to the merc'less Flood
Expose the dwindling Refuse, nor o'erload 95
Th' indulgent Mother. If thy Heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a Nurse provide,

And to the Foster-Parent give the Care
Of thy superfluous Brood; she'll cherish kind
The Alien Offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold 100
Her Tendernefs, and hospitable Love.

I F frolic now, and play-full they desert
Their gloomy Cell, and on the verdant Turf
With Nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic Chase,
Courfing around; unto thy choicest Friends 105
Commit thy valu'd Prize: The ruftic Dames
Shall at thy Kennel wait, and in their Laps
Receive thy growing Hopes, with many a Kifs
Carefs, and dignify their little Charge
With fome great Title, and refounding Name 110
Of high Import. But cautious here obferve
To check their youthful Ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd Younker, immature,
Alone to range the Woods, or haunt the Brakes
Where dodging Conies fport: His Nerves unftung,
And Strength unequal; the laborious Chase 116
Shall ftint his Growth, and his rafh forward Youth

Contract

Contract such vicious Habits, as thy Care
And late Correction never shall reclaim.

WHEN to full Strength arriv'd mature and bold,
Conduct them to the Field; not all at once, 121
But as thy cooler Prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by Degrees
To stricter Discipline. With these confor
The Stanch, and steddy Sages of thy Pack, 125
By long Experience vers'd in all the Wiles,
And subtle Doublings of the various Chase.
Easy the Lesson of the youthful Train,
When Instinct prompts, and when Example guides.
If the too forward Younker at the Head 130
Prefs boldly on, in wanton sportive Mood,
Correct his Haste, and let him feel abash'd
The ruling Whip. But if he stoop behind
In wary modest Guise, to his own Nose
Confiding sure; give him full Scope to work 135
His winding Way, and with thy Voice applaud
His Patience, and his Care; soon shalt thou view

The hopeful Pupil Leader of his Tribe,
And all the list'ning Pack attend his Call. 139

OFT lead them forth where wanton Lambkins play,
And bleating Dams with jealous Eyes observe
Their tender Care. If at the crowding Flock
He Bay presumptuous, or with eager Haste
Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant Plain;
In the foul Fact attach'd, to the strong Ram 145
Tie fast the rash Offender. See! at first
His horn'd Companion, fearful and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged Ground:
Then with his Load fatigu'd, shall turn a Head,
And with his curl'd hard Front incessant peal 150
The panting Wretch; 'till breathless and astunn'd,
Stretch'd on the Turf he lie. Then spare not thou
The twining Whip, but ply his bleeding Sides
Lash after Lash, and with thy threat'ning Voice,
Harsh-echoing from the Hills, inculcate loud 155
His vile Offence. Sooner shall trembling Doves
Escap'd the Hawk's sharp Talons, in mid Air,
Assail their dang'rous Foe, than he once more

Disturb

Disturb the peaceful Flocks. In tender Age
Thus Youth is train'd; as curious Artists bend 160
The taper, pliant Twig; or Potters form
Their soft and ductile Clay to various Shapes.

NOR is't enough to breed; but to preserve
Must be the Huntsman's Care. The stanch old Hounds,
Guides of thy Pack, tho' but in Number few, 165
Are yet of great Account; shall oft untie
The Gordian Knot, when Reason at a stand
Puzzling is lost, and all thy Art is vain.
O'er clogging Fallows, o'er dry plaister'd Roads,
O'er floated Meads, o'er Plains with Flocks distain'd
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious Way. 171
As Party-Chiefs in Senates who preside,
With pleaded Reason and with well-turn'd Speech
Conduct the staring Multitude; so these
Direct the Pack, who with joint Cry approve, 175
And loudly boast Discov'ries not their own.

UNNUMBER'D Accidents, and various Ills,
Attend thy Pack, hang hov'ring o'er their Heads

And point the Way that leads to Death's dark Cave.
 Short is their Span; few at the Date arrive 180
 Of ancient *Argus*, in old *Homer's* Song
 So highly honour'd: Kind, sagacious Brute!
 Not ev'n *Minerva's* Wisdom cou'd conceal
 Thy much lov'd Master from thy nicer Sense.
 Dying his Lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er 185
 With eager Eyes, then clos'd those Eyes, well pleas'd.

OF lesser Ills the Muse declines to sing,
 Nor stoops so low; of these each Groom can tell
 The proper Remedy. But O! what Care!
 What Prudence can prevent Madness, the worst 190
 Of Maladies? Terrific Pest! that blasts
 The Huntsman's Hopes, and Desolation spreads
 Thro' all th'unpeopled Kennel unrestrain'd.
 More fatal than th'envenom'd Viper's Bite;
 Or than *Apulian* Spider's pois'nous Sting, 195
 Heal'd by the pleasing Antidote of Sounds.

WHEN *Sirius* reigns, and the Sun's parching Beams
 Bake the dry gaping Surface, visit thou

Each

Each Ev'n and Morn, with quick observant Eye,
Thy panting Pack. If in dark fullen Mood, 200
The glouting Hound refuse his wonted Meal,
Retiring to some close, obscure Retreat,
Gloomy, disconsolate: With speed remove
The poor infectious Wretch, and in strong Chains
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire Disease 205
Which Art can't cure, wise Caution may prevent.

BUT this neglected, soon expect a Change,
A dismal Change, Confusion, Frenzy, Death.
Or in some dark Recess, the senseless Brute
Sits sadly pining: Deep Melancholy, 210
And black Despair, upon his clouded Brow
Hang low'ring; from his half op'ning Jaws
The clammy Venom, and infectious Froth,
Distilling fall; and from his Lungs inflam'd,
Malignant Vapours taint the ambient Air, 215
Breathing Perdition: His dim Eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his pensive Head, his trembling Limbs
No more support his Weight; abject he lies.

Dumb,

Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd ; till Death at last
Gracious attends, and kindly brings Relief. 220

OR if outrageous grown, behold alas !
A yet more dreadful Scene ; his glaring Eyes
Redden with Fury, like some angry Boar
Churning he foams ; and on his Back erect
His pointed Bristles rise ; his Tail incurv'd 225
He drops, and with harsh broken Howlings rends
The poison-tainted Air, with rough hoarse Voice
Incessant Bays ; and snuffs th' infectious Breeze ;
This Way and that he stares aghast, and starts
At his own Shade ; jealous, as if he deem'd 230
The World his Foes. If haply tow'rd the Stream
He cast his roving Eye, cold Horror chills
His Soul ; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantic to the Kennel's utmost Verge
Raving he runs, and deals Destruction round. 235
The Pack fly diverse ; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry Bite is Death.

IF now perchance thro' the weak Fence escap'd
Far up the Wind he roves, with open Mouth
Inhales the cooling Breeze, nor Man, nor Beast 240
He spares implacable. The Hunter-Horse,
Once kind Associate of his sylvan Toils,
(Who haply now without the Kennel's Mound
Crops the rank Mead, and list'ning hears with Joy
The cheering Cry, that Morn and Eve salutes 245
His raptur'd Sense) a wretched Victim falls.
Unhappy Quadrupede! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond Master with his Voice applaud
Thy Gentleness, thy Speed; or with his Hand
Stroke thy soft dappled Sides, as he each Day 250
Visits thy Stall, well pleas'd; no more shalt thou
With sprightly Neighings, to the winding Horn,
And the loud-op'ning Pack in comfort join'd,
Glad his proud Heart. For oh! the secret Wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the Ground and dies. 255

HENCE to the Village with pernicious Haste
Baleful he bends his Course: The Village flies
Alarm'd,

Alarm'd ; the tender Mother in her Arms,
Hugs close the trembling Babe ; the Doors are barr'd,
And flying Curs by native Instinct taught, 260
Shun the contagious Bane ; the rustic Bands
Hurry to Arms, the rude Militia seize
Whate'er at hand they find ; Clubs, Forks, or Guns
From ev'ry Quarter charge the furious Foe,
In wild Disorder, and uncouth Array : 265
'Till now with Wounds on Wounds oppress'd and gor'd,
At one short pois'nous Gasp he breaths his last.

HENCE to the Kennel, Muse return, and view,
With heavy Heart that Hospital of Woe ;
Where Horror stalks at large, insatiate Death 270
Sits growling o'er his Prey : Each Hour presents
A different Scene of Ruin and Distress.
How busy art thou Fate ! and how severe
Thy pointed Wrath ! the Dying and the Dead
Promiscuous lie ; o'er these the Living fight 275
In one eternal Broil ; not conscious why,
Nor yet with whom. So Drunkards in their Cups,
Spare not their Friends, while senseless Squabble reigns.
HUNTSMAN !

HUNTSMAN! it much behooves thee to avoid
The perilous Debate. Ah! rouze up all 280
Thy Vigilance, and tread the treach'rous Ground
With careful Step. Thy Fires unquench'd preserve,
As erst the Vestal Flame; the pointed Steel
In the hot Embers hide; and if surpriz'd
Thou feelst the deadly Bite, quick urge it home 285
Into the recent Sore, and cauterize
The Wound; spare not thy Flesh, nor dread th' Event:
Vulcan shall save, when *Æsculapius* fails.

HERE, shou'd the knowing Muse recount the Means
To stop this growing Plague. And here, alas! 290
Each Hand presents a sov'reign Cure, and boasts
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.
On this depend, each to his sep'rate Seat
Confine, in Fetters bound; give each his Mefs
Apart, his Range in open Air; and then 295
If deadly Symptoms to thy Grief appear;
Devote the Wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous Victim for the public Weal.

SING,

SING, philosophic Muse, the dire Effects
Of this contagious Bite on hapless Man. 300
The rustic Swains, by long Tradition taught
Of Leeches old, as soon as they perceive
The Bite impress'd, to the Sea-Coasts repair.
Plung'd in the briny Flood, th' unhappy Youth
Now journeys home secure; but soon shall with 305
The Seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming Surge, full many a Fathom deep.
A Fate more dismal, and superior Ills
Hang o'er his Head devoted. When the Moon
Closing her monthly round, returns again 310
To glad the Night; or when full-orb'd she shines
High in the Vault of Heav'n; the lurking Pest
Begins the dire Assault. The pois'nous Foam
Thro' the deep Wound instill'd with hostile Rage,
And all its fiery Particles saline, 315
Invades th' arterial Fluid; whose red Waves
Tempestuous heave, and their Cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil; intestine War ensues,
And Order to Confusion turns embroil'd.

Now

Now the distended Vessels scarce contain 320
The wild Uproar, but press each weaker Part,
Unable to resist: The tender Brain,
And Stomach suffer most; Convulsions shake
His trembling Nerves, and wand'ring pungent Pains
Pinch sore the sleepless Wretch; his flutt'ring Pulse
Oft intermits; pensive, and sad, he mourns 326
His cruel Fate, and to his weeping Friends
Laments in vain; to hasty Anger prone,
Resents each slight Offence, walks with quick Step,
And wildly stares; at last with boundless Sway 330
The Tyrant Frenzy reigns. For as the Dog,
(Whose fatal Bite convey'd th'infectious Bane.)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites.
Like Agitations in his boiling Blood
Present like Species to his troubled Mind; 335
His Nature, and his Actions all Canine.
So (as old *Homer* sung) th' Associates wild
Of wand'ring *Ithacus*, by *Circe's* Charms
To Swine transform'd, ran gruntling thro' the Groves.
Dreadful Example to a wicked World! 340
See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with Thirst,
But

But dares not drink. 'Till now at last his Soul
Trembling escapes, her noisome Dungeon leaves,
And to some purer Region wings away.

ONE Labour yet remains, celestial Maid! 345
Another Element demands thy Song.
No more o'er craggy Steeps, thro' Coverts thick
With pointed Thorn, and Briers intricate,
Urge on with Horn and Voice the painful Pack:
But skim with wanton Wing th'irriguous Vale, 350
Where winding Streams amid the flow'ry Meads
Perpetual glide along; and undermine
The cavern'd Banks, by the tenacious Roots
Of hoary Willows arch'd; gloomy Retreat
Of the bright scaly Kind; where they at Will, 555
On the green wat'ry Reed their Pasture graze,
Suck the moist Soil, or slumber at their Ease,
Rock'd by the restless Brook, that draws aslope
Its humid Train, and laves their dark Abodes.
Where rages not Oppression? Where, alas! 360
Is Innocence secure? Rapine and Spoil
Haunt ev'n the lowest Deeps; Seas have their Sharks,
Rivers

Rivers and Ponds inclos'd, the rav'nous Pike;
He in his Turn becomes a Prey; on him
Th' amphibious Otter feasts. Just is his Fate 365
Deserv'd: But Tyrants know no Bounds; nor Spears
That bristle on his Back, defend the Perch
From his wide greedy Jaws; nor burnish'd Mail
The yellow Carp; nor all his Arts can save
Th' insinuating Eel, that hides his Head 370
Beneath the slimy Mud; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted Trout, the River's Pride,
And Beauty of the Stream. Without Remorse,
This Midnight Pillager ranging around,
Infatiate swallows all. The Owner mourns 375
Th' unpeopled Rivulet, and gladly hears
The Huntsman's early Call, and sees with Joy
The jovial Crew, that march upon its Banks
In gay Parade, with bearded Lances arm'd.

THIS subtle Spoiler of the Beaver Kind, 380
Far off perhaps, where ancient Alders shade
The deep still Pool; within some hollow Trunk
Contrives his wicker Couch: Whence he surveys

H

His

His long Purlieu, Lord of the Stream, and all
The finny Shoals his own. But you, brave Youths, 385
Dispute the Felon's Claim; try ev'ry Root,
And ev'ry reedy Bank; encourage all
The bufy-fspreading Pack, that fearless plunge
Into the Flood, and cros the rapid Stream.
Bid Rocks, and Caves, and each refounding Shore,
Proclaim your bold Defiance; loudly raife 391
Each cheering Voice, 'till distant Hills repeat
The Triumphs of the Vale. On the soft Sand
See there his Seal impress'd! and on that Bank
Behold the glitt'ring Spoils, half-eaten Fish, 395
Scales, Fins, and Bones, the Leavings of his Feast.
Ah! on that yielding Sag-bed, see, once more
His Seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy Marsh
The fly Goose-footed Proler bends his Course,
And seeks the distant Shallows. Huntsman, bring
'Thy eager Pack; and trail him to his Couch. 401
Hark! the loud Peal begins, the clam'rous Joy,
The gallant Chiding, loads the trembling Air.

YE *Naiads* fair, who o'er these Floods preside
Raife up your dripping Heads above the Wave, 405
And hear our Melody. Th' harmonious Notes
Float with the Stream; and ev'ry winding Creek
And hollow Rock, that o'er the dimpling Flood
Nods pendant; still improve from Shore to Shore
Our sweet reiterated Joys. What Shouts! 410
What Clamour loud! What gay Heart-cheering Sounds
Urge thro' the breathing Brass their mazy Way!
Not Quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier Strains
The dancing Billows; when proud *Neptune* rides
In Triumph o'er the Deep. How greedily 415
They snuff the fishy Steam, that to each Blade
Rank-scenting clings! See! how the Morning Dews
They sweep, that from their Feet besprinkling drop
Dispers'd, and leave a Track oblique behind.
Now on firm Land they range; then in the Flood 420
They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy Pools
Rustling they work their Way: No Holt escapes
Their curious Search. With quick Sensation now
The fuming Vapour flings; flutter their Hearts,

And Joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry Mouth, 425
In louder Symphonies. Yon hollow Trunk,
That with its hoary Head incurv'd, salutes
The passing Wave ; must be the Tyrant's Fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the Root incessant Bay : 430
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' ascending Bubbles mark his gloomy Way.
Quick fix the Nets, and cut off his Retreat
Into the shelt'ring Deeps. Ah, there he Vents !
The Pack plunge Headlong, and protended Spears 435
Menace Destruction. While the troubled Surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly Kind
Affrighted, hide their Heads. Wild Tumult reigns,
And loud Uproar. Ah, there once more he Vents!
See, that bold Hound has seiz'd him ; down they sink,
Together lost : But soon shall he repent 441
His rash Assault. See, there escap'd, he flies
Half drown'd; and clambers up the flipp'ry Bank
With Ouze and Blood distain'd. Of all the Brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long Use, 445
This artful Diver best can bear the Want

Of

Of vital Air. Unequal is the Fight,
Beneath the whelming Element. Yet there
He lives not long; but Respiration needs
At proper Intervals. Again he Vents; 450
Again the Crowd attack. That Spear has pierc'd
His Neck; the crimson Waves confess the Wound.
Fix'd is the bearded Lance, unwelcome Guest,
Where-e'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts; sure Guide to ev'ry Foe. 455
Inly he groans, nor can his tender Wound
Bear the cold Stream. Lo! to yon sedgy Bank
He creeps disconsolate; his num'rous Foes
Surround him, Hounds, and Men. Pierc'd thro' and thro',
On pointed Spears they lift him high in Air; 460
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:
Bid the loud Horns, in gaily-warbling Strains,
Proclaim the Felon's Fate; he dies, he dies.

REJOICE, ye scaly Tribes, and leaping dance
Above the Wave, in Sign of Liberty 465
Restor'd; the cruel Tyrant is no more.
Rejoice secure and blest'd; did not as yet

Remain, some of your own rapacious Kind;
And Man, fierce Man, with all his various Wiles.

O Happy! if ye knew your happy State, 470
Ye Rangers of the Fields; whom Nature boon
Cheers with her Smiles, and ev'ry Element
Conspires to bless. What, if no Heroes frown
From marble Pedestals; nor *Raphael's* Works,
Nor *Titian's* lively Tints, adorn our Walls? 475
Yet these the meanest of us may behold;
And at another's Cost, may feast at Will
Our wond'ring Eyes; what can the Owner more?
But vain, alas! is Wealth, not grac'd with Pow'r.
The flow'ry Landkip, and the gilded Dome, 480
And Vistas op'ning to the wearied Eye,
Thro' all his wide Domain; the planted Grove
The shrubby Wilderness, with its gay Choir
Of warbling Birds, can't lull to soft Repose
Th'ambitious Wretch, whose discontented Soul 485
Is harrow'd Day and Night; he mourns, he pines,
Until his Prince's Favour makes him great.
See there he comes, th' exalted Idol comes!

The

The Circle's form'd, and all his fawning Slaves
Devoutly bow to Earth; from ev'ry Mouth 490
The nauseous Flatt'ry flows, which he returns
With Promises, that die as soon as born.
Vile Intercourse! where Virtue has no Place.
Frown but the Monarch; all his Glories fade;
He mingles with the Throng, outcast, undone, 495
The Pageant of a Day; without one Friend
To sooth his tortur'd Mind; all, all are fled.
For tho' they bask'd in his meridian Ray,
The Insects vanish, as his Beams decline.

Not such our Friends; for here no dark Design,
No wicked Interest bribes the venal Heart; 501
But Inclination to our Bosoms leads,
And weds them there for Life; our social Cups
Smile, as we smile; open, and unreserv'd,
We speak our inmost Souls; good Humour, Mirth,
Soft Complaisance, and Wit from Malice free, 506
Smooth ev'ry Brow, and glow on ev'ry Cheek.

O Happiness sincere! what Wretch wou'd groan
Beneath the galling Load of Pow'r, or walk
Upon the flipp'ry Pavements of the great, 510
Who thus cou'd reign, unenvy'd and secure

YE guardian Pow'rs who make Mankind your Care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden Depths,
Trace each mysterious Cause, with Judgment read
Th'expanded Volume, and submit adore 515
That great creative Will, who at a Word
Spoke forth the wond'rous Scene. But if my Soul
To this gross Clay confin'd, flutters on Earth
With less ambitious Wing; unskill'd to range
From Orb to Orb, where *Newton* leads the Way; 520
And view with piercing Eyes, the grand Machine,
Worlds above Worlds; subservient to his Voice,
Who veil'd in clouded Majesty; alone
Gives Light to all; bids the great System move,
And changeful Seasons in their Turns advance, 525
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself. Yet this at least
Grant me propitious, an inglorious Life,

Calm

Calm and serene, nor lost in false Pursuits
Of Wealth or Honours ; but enough to raise
My drooping Friends, preventing modest Want, 530
That dares not ask. And if to crown my Joys,
Ye grant me Health, that ruddy in my Cheeks,
Blooms in my Life's Decline ; Fields, Woods, and Streams,
Each tow'ring Hill, each humble Vale below,
Shall hear my cheering Voice, my Hounds shall wake
The lazy Morn, and glad th' Horizon round. 536

The End of the C H A S E.



H O B B I N O L,

O R T H E

R U R A L G A M E S.

A

B U R L E S Q U E P O E M,

I N B L A N K V E R S E.

B Y

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;

*Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam sit, & angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.
Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat Amor. Juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.*

VIRG. Lib. III.

H O B B I N O L

OF THE

R U K A L C A M E S

B U R I E S O F F P O R M



DEDICATION

T O

Mr. HOGARTH.

PERMIT me, Sir, to make choice
of you for my Patron, being
the greatest Master in the Burlesque
Way. In this indeed you have some
Advantage of your poetical Bre-
thren, that you paint to the Eye;
yet remember, Sir, that we give
Speech,

DEDICATION.

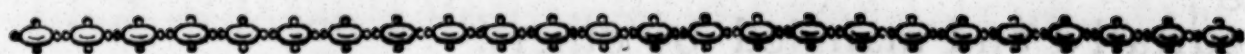
Speech, and Motion, and a great Variety to our Figures. Your Province is the Town; leave me a small Out-ride in the Country, and I shall be content. In this at least let us both agree, to make Vice and Folly the Object of our Ridicule; and we cannot fail to be of some Service to Mankind. I am

S I R,

Your Admirer, and

Most humble Servant,

W. S.



T H E
P R E F A C E.

NOTHING is more common than for us poor Bards, when we have acquired a little Reputation, to print ourselves into Disgrace. We climb the *Aonian* Mount with Difficulty and Toil, we receive the Bays for which we languished; till, grasping still at more, we lose our Hold, and fall at once to the Bottom.

THE Author of this Piece would not thus be *Felo de se*, nor would he be murdered by Persons unknown. But as he is satisfied, that there are many imperfect Copies of this Trifle dispers'd abroad, and as he is credibly informed, that he shall soon be exposed to View in such an Attitude, as he would not care to appear in: He thinks it most prudent in this desperate Case to throw himself on the Mercy of the Public; and offer this whimsical Work a voluntary Sacrifice, in
Hope

Hope that he stands a better Chance for their Indulgence, now it has received his last Hand, than when curtail'd and mangled by others.

THE Poets of almost all Nations have celebrated the Games of their several Countries. *Homer* began, and all the mimic Tribe follow'd the Example of that great Father of Poetry. Even our own *Milton*, who laid this Scene beyond the Limits of this sublunary World, has found Room for Descriptions of this Sort, and has perform'd it in a more sublime Manner, than any who went before him. His, indeed, are Sports; but they are the Sports of Angels. This Gentleman has endeavoured to do Justice to his Countrymen the *British* Free-holders, who, when dress'd in their Holy-day Clothes, are by no Means Persons of a despicable Figure; but eat and drink as plentifully, and fight as heartily, as the greatest Hero in the *Iliad*. There is also some Use in Descriptions of this Nature, since nothing gives us a clearer Idea of the Genius of a Nation, than their Sports and Diversions. If we see People dancing, even in wooden Shoes, and a Fiddle always at their Heels, we are soon convinced of the Levity and volatile Spirit of those merry Slaves. The famous Bull Feasts are an evident Token of the Quixotism and romantic Taste of the *Spaniards*. And a Country Wake is too sad an Image of the Infirmities of our own People: We see nothing but broken Heads, Bottles flying about, Tables overturn'd, outrageous Drunkenness, and eternal Squabble.

THUS

THUS much of the Subject. It may not be improper to touch a little upon the Style. One of the greatest Poets and most candid Critics of this Age, has inform'd us that there are two Sorts of Burlesque. Be pleas'd to take it in his own Words, *Spectator*, Numb. 242. "*Burlesque* (says he) *is of two*
"*Kinds. The first represents mean Persons in the Accou-*
"*trements of Heroes; the other, great Persons acting and*
"*speaking like the basest among the People. Don Quixot is*
"*an Instance of the first, and Lucian's Gods of the se-*
"*cond. It is a Dispute among the Critics, whether Burlesque*
"*runs best in Heroic, like the Dispensary; or in Doggrel,*
"*like that of Hudibras. I think where the low Character*
"*is to be rais'd, the Heroic is the most proper Measure; but*
"*where an Hero is to be pull'd down and degraded, it*
"*is best done in Doggrel."* Thus far Mr. Addison. If therefore the Heroic is the proper Measure, where the low Character is to be rais'd, Milton's Style must be very proper in the Subject here treated of; because it raises the low Character more than is possible to be done under the Restraint of Rhyme; and the Ridicule chiefly consists in raising that low Character. I beg leave to add the Authority of Mr. Smith, in his Poem upon the Death of Mr. *John Philips*. The whole Passage is so very fine, and gives so clear an Idea of his Manner of Writing, that the Reader will not think his Labour lost in running it over.

Oh various Bard! you all our Pow'rs controul,
 You now disturb, and now divert the Soul.
 Milton and Butler in thy Muse combine;
 Above the last thy manly Beauties shine.
 For as I've seen two Rival Wits contend,
 One gaily charge, one gravely wise defend;
 That on quick Turns and Points in vain relies:
 This with a Look demure and stedd' Eyes,
 With dry Rebukes, and sneering Praise replies:
 So thy grave Lines extort a juster Smile,
 Reach Butler's Fancy, but surpass his Style.
 He speaks Scarron's low Phrase in humble Strains;
 In thee the solemn Air of great Cervantes reigns.
 What sounding Lines his abject Themes express!
 What shining Words the pompous Shilling dress!
 There, there my Cell, immortal made, outvies
 The frailer Piles, that o'er its Ruins rise.
 In her best Light the Comic Muse appears,
 When she with borrow'd Pride the Buskin wears.
 So when Nurse Nokes to act young Ammon tries,
 With shambling Legs, long Chin, and foolish Eyes,
 With dangling Hands he strokes th'imperial Robe,
 And with a Cuckold's Air commands the Globe.
 The Pomp, and Sound the whole Buffoon display'd,
 And Ammon's Son more Mirth than Gomez made.

But here it may be objected, that this Manner of
 Writing contradicts the Rule in Horace:

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.

Monfieur

Monfieur Boileau, in his Differtation upon the *Fontaine*, quotes this Passage in *Horace*, and obferves, *Que comme il n'y a rien de plus froid, que de conter une chofe grande en ftile bas, auffi n'y a-t-il de plus ridicule, que de raconter une Hiftoire comique & abfurde, en Termes graves & ferieus.* But then he juftly adds this Exception to the general Rule in *Horace* ; à moins que ce ferieus ne foit affecté tout exprès pour rendre la chofe encore plus burlefque. If the Obfervation of that celebrated Critic, Monfieur *Dacier*, is true, *Horace* himfelf in the fame Epiftle to the *Pifo's*, and not far diftant from the Rule here mention'd, has aim'd to improve the Burlefque by the help of the Sublime, in his Note upon this Verfe :

*Debemur Morti nos noftraque ; five receptus
Terrâ Neptunus* —————

And upon the five following Verfes has this general Remark : *Toutes ces Exprefſions nobles qu' Horace entaffe dans ce fix vers fervent à rendre plus plaifante cette Chute :*

Ne dum Verborum ſtet Honos. ———

Car Rien ne contribue tant au Redicule que le Grand. He indeed would be fevere upon himfelf alone, who ſhould censure this Way of Writing, when he muſt plainly ſee, that it is affected on Purpoſe, only to raiſe the Ridicule, and give the Reader a more agree-

able Entertainment. Nothing can improve a merry Table so much, as its being deliver'd with a grave and serious Air. Our Imaginations are agreeably surpris'd, and fond of a Pleasure so little expected. Whereas he, who would bespeak our Laughter by an affected Grimace and ridiculous Gestures, must play his Part very well indeed, or he will fall short of the Idea he has rais'd. It is true, *Virgil* was very sensible that it was difficult thus to elevate a low and mean Subject :

*Nic sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
Quam sit, & angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.*

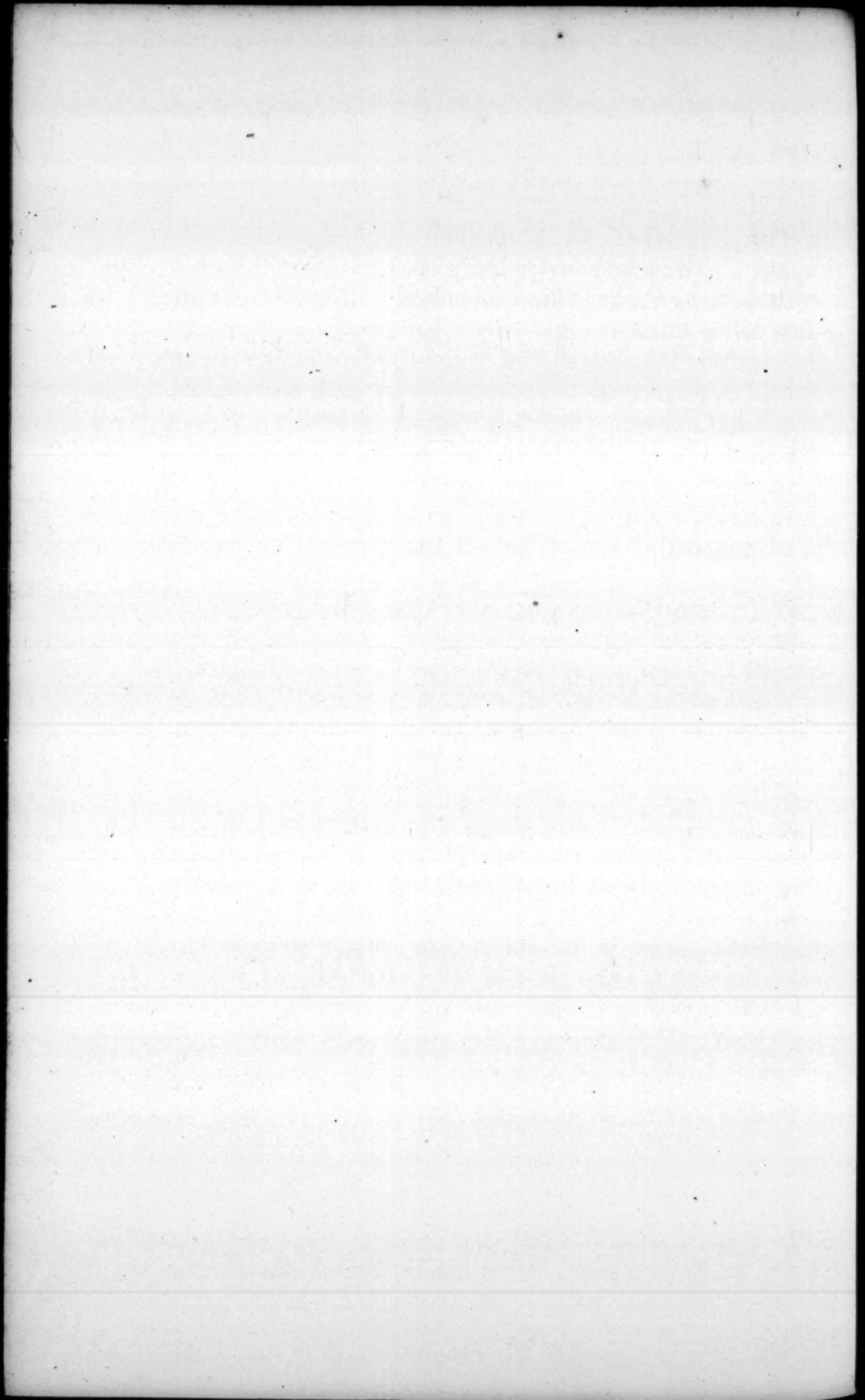
But tells us for our Encouragement in another Place,

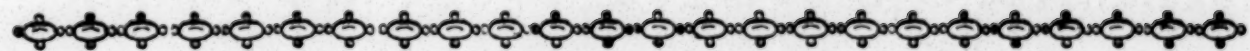
*In tenui Labor, at tenuis non Gloria, siquem
Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.*

Mr. *Addison* is of the same Opinion, and adds, that the Difficulty is very much increased by writing in Blank Verse. “ The *English* and *French*, says he, “ who always use the same Words in verse, as in ordinary Conversation, are forced to raise their Language with Metaphors and Figures, or by the “ Pompousness of the whole Phrase to wear off any “ Littleness, that appears in the particular Parts that “ compose it. This makes our Blank Verse, where “ there is no Rhyme to support the Expression, extremely difficult to such as are not Masters of the “ Tongue ;

“ Tongue; especially when they write upon *low Sub-
“ jects.*” Remarks upon *Italy*, P. 99. But there is even yet a greater Difficulty behind: The Writer in this Kind of Burlesque must not only keep up the Pomp and Dignity of the Style, but an artful Sneer should appear thro’ the whole Work; and every Man will judge, that it is no easy Matter to blend together the *Hero* and the *Harlequin*.

IF any Person should want a Key to this Poem, his Curiosity shall be gratified: I shall in plain Words tell him, “ It is a Satire against the Luxury, the
“ Pride, the Wantonnefs, and quarrellsome Temper
“ of the meddling Sort of People.” As these are the proper and genuine Causes of that barefaced Knavery, and almost universal Poverty, which reign without Controul in every Place; and as to these we owe our many bankrupt Farmers, our Trade decay’d, and Lands uncultivated; the Author has Reason to hope that no honest Man, who loves his Country, will think this short Reproof out of Season: For perhaps this merry Way of bantering Men into Virtue, may have a better Effect, than the most serious Admonitions; since many, who are proud to be thought Immoral, are not very fond of being Rediculous.

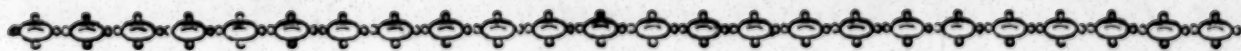




H O B B I N O L,

O R T H E

R U R A L G A M E S.



The ARGUMENT of the first Canto.

PROPOSITION. *Invocation address'd to Mr. John Philips, Author of the Cyder Poem and Splendid Shilling. Description of the Vale of Evelham. The Seat of Hobbinol; Hobbinol a great Man in his Village, seated in his Wicker smoking his Pipe, has one only Son. Young Hobbinol's Education, bred up with Ganderetta his near Relation. Young Hobbinol and Ganderetta chosen King and Queen of May. Her Dress and Attendants. The May-Games. Twandillo, the Fidler, his Character. The Dancing. Ganderetta's extraordinary Performance. Bag-Pipes good Music in the High-Lands. Milonides Master of the Ring, disciplines the Mob; proclaims the several Prizes. His Speech. Pastorel takes up the Belt. His Character, his Heroic Figure, his Confidence. Hobbinol, by Permission of Ganderetta, accepts the Challenge, vaults into the Ring. His honourable Behaviour, escapes a Scowring. Ganderetta's Agony. Pastorel soil'd. Ganderetta not a little pleas'd.*



H O B B I N O L,
OR THE
R U R A L G A M E S.
C A N T O I.

WHAT old *Menalcas* at his Feast reveal'd
I sing, strange Feats of ancient Prowess, Deeds
Of high Renown, while all his list'ning Guests
With eager Joy receiv'd the pleasing Tale.

O * Thou! who late on *Vaga's* flow'ry Banks 5
Slumb'ring secure, with ‡ *Stirom* well bedew'd,
Fallacious Cask, in sacred Dreams wert taught
By ancient Seers and *Merlin* Prophet old,

**Mr. John Philpis, Author of the Cyder-Poem.* ‡ *Strong Herefordshire Cyder.*

To

To raise ignoble Themes with Strains sublime,
 Be thou my Guide! while I thy Tract pursue 10
 With Wing unequal, thro' the wide Expanse
 Advent'rous range, and emulate thy Flights.

IN that rich *Vale, where with † *Dobunian* Fields
 ‡ *Cornavian* Borders meet, far fam'd of old
 For § *Montfort's* hapless Fate, undaunted Earl; 15
 Where from her fruitful Urn *Avona* pours
 Her kindly Torrent on the thirsty Glebe,
 And pillages the Hills t'enrich the Plains;
 On whose luxuriant Banks, Flow'rs of all Hues
 Start up Spontaneous; and the teeming Soil 20
 With hasty Shoots prevents its Owner's Pray'r:
 The pamper'd wanton Steer, of the sharp Ax
 Regardless, that o'er his devoted Head
 Hangs menacing, crops his delicious Bane,
 Nor knows the Price is Life; with envious Eye 25
 His lab'ring Yoke-fellow beholds his Plight,
 And deems him blest, while on his languid Neck

* *Vale of Evesham.* † *Glocestershire.* ‡ *Worcestershire.* § *Simon de Monfort kill'd at the Battle of Evesham.*

In solemn Sloth he tugs the ling'ring Plough.
 So blind are Mortals, of each others State
 Misjudging, self deceiv'd. Here as Supreme 30
 Stern *Hobbinol* in rural Plenty reigns
 O'er wide extended Fields, his large Domain.
 Th' obsequious Villagers, with Look submissive
 Observant of his Eye, or when with Seed
 T'impregnate Earth's fat Womb, or when to bring 35
 With clam'rous Joy the bearded Harvest home.

HERE, when the distant Sun lengthens the Nights,
 When the keen Frosts the shiv'ring Farmer warn
 To broach his mellow Cask, and frequent Blasts
 Instruct the crackling Billets how to blaze, 40
 In his warm Wicker-Chair, whose pliant Twigs
 In close Embraces join'd, with spacious Arch
 Vault the thick-woven Roof, the bloated Churl
 Loiters in State, each Arm reclin'd is prop'd
 With yielding Pillows of the softest Down. 45
 In Mind compos'd, from short coeval Tube
 He sucks the Vapours bland, thick curling Clouds
 Of Smoke around his reeking Temples play;

Joyous

Joyous he sits, and impotent of Thought
 Puffs away Care, and Sorrow from his Heart. 50
 How vain the Pomp of Kings! Look down, ye Great,
 And view with envious Eye the downy Nest,
 Where soft Repose, and calm Contentment dwell,
 Unbrib'd by Wealth, and unrestrain'd by Pow'r.

ONE Son alone had blest'd his bridal Bed, 55
 Whom good *Calista* bore, nor long surviv'd
 To share a Mother's Joy, but left the Babe
 To his paternal Care. An Orphan Niece
 Near the same Time his dying Brother sent,
 To claim his kind Support. The helpless Pair 60
 In the same Cradle slept, nurs'd up with Care
 By the same tender Hand, on the same Breasts
 Alternate hung with Joy; 'till Reason dawn'd,
 And a new Light broke out by slow Degrees:
 Then on the Floor the pretty Wantons play'd, 65
 Gladding the Farmer's Heart with growing Hopes,
 And Pleasures erst unfelt. When e'er with Cares
 Oppress'd, when wearied, or alone he doz'd,
 Their harmless Prattle sooth'd his troubled Soul.

Say

RURAL GAMES

141

Say, *Hobbinol*, what Ecstasies of Joy 70
 Trill'd thro' thy Veins, when climbing for a Kiss
 With little Palms they strok'd thy grizly Beard,
 Or round thy Wicker whirl'd their ratt'ling Cars?
 Thus from their earliest Days bred up, and train'd
 To mutual Fondness, with their Stature grew 75
 The thriving Passion. What Love can decay
 That roots so deep! Now rip'ning Manhood curl'd
 On the gay Stripling's Chin; her panting Breasts,
 And trembling Blushes glowing on her Cheeks
 Her secret Wish betray'd. She at each Mart 80
 All Eyes attracted; but her faithful Shade,
 Young *Hobbinol*, ne'er wander'd from her Side.
 A Frown from him dash'd ev'ry Rival's Hopes.
 For he, like *Peleus'* Son, was prone to Rage,
 Inexorable, swift like him of Foot 85
 With Ease cou'd overtake his dastard Foe,
 Nor spar'd the suppliant Wretch. And now approach'd
 Those merry Days, when all the Nymphs and Swains,
 In solemn Festivals and rural Sports,
 Pay their glad Homage to the blooming Spring. 90
 Young *Hobbinol* by joint Consent is rais'd

T'imperial

T'imperial Dignity, and in his Hand
 Bright *Ganderetta* tripp'd, the jovial Queen
 Of *Maia's* gaudy Mouth, profuse of Flow'rs.
 From each enamel'd Mead th' attendant Nymphs 95
 Loaded with od'rous Spoils, from these select
 Each Flow'r of gorgeous Die, and Garlands weave
 Of party-colour'd Sweets; each busy Hand
 Adorns the jocund Queen: In her loose Hair,
 That to the Winds in wanton Ringlets plays, 100
 The tufted *Cowslips* breath their faint Perfumes.
 On her refulgent Brow, as Crystal clear,
 As *Parian* Marble smooth, *Narcissus* hangs
 His drooping Head, and views his Image there,
 Unhappy Flow'r! *Pansies* of various hue, 105
Iris, and *Hyacinth* and *Asphodel*,
 To deck the Nymph, their richest Liv'ries wear,
 And lavish all their Pride. Not *Flora's* self
 More lovely smiles, when to the dawning Year
 Her op'ning Bosom heav'nly Fragrance breaths. 110

SEE on yon verdant Lawn, the gath'ring Crowd
 Thickens amain; the buxom Nymphs advance

Usher'd

Usher'd by jolly Clowns; Distinctions cease
 Lost in the common Joy, and the bold Slave
 Leans on his wealthy Master, unprov'd: 115
 The Sick no Pains can feel, no Wants the Poor.
 Round his fond Mother's Neck the smiling Babe
 Exulting clings; hard by, decrepit Age
 Prop'd on his Staff, with anxious Thought revolves
 His Pleasures past, and casts his grave Remarks 120
 Among the heedless Throng. The vig'rous Youth
 Strips for the Combat, hopeful to subdue
 The Fair one's long Disdain, by Valour now
 Glad to convince her coy erroneous Heart,
 And prove his Merit equal to her Charms. 125
 Soft Pity pleads his Cause; blushing she views
 His brawny Limbs, and his undaunted Eye,
 That looks a proud Defiance on his Foes.
 Resolv'd, and obstinately firm he stands;
 Danger, nor Death he fears, while the rich Prize 130
 Is Victory and Love. On the large Bough
 Of a thick-spreading Elm *Twangdillo* sits:
 One Leg on *Ister's* Banks the hardy Swain
 Left undismay'd, *Bellona's* Lightning scorch'd

His

His manly Visage, but in Pity left 135
One Eye secure. He many a painful Bruise
Intrepid felt, and many a gaping Wound,
For brown *Kate's* Sake, and for his Country's Weal.
Yet still the merry Bard without Regret
Bears his own Ills, and with his founding Shell, 140
And comic Phyz, relieves his drooping Friends.
Hark, from aloft his tortur'd Cat-gut squeals,
He tickles ev'ry String, to ev'ry Note
He bends his pliant Neck, his single Eye
Twinkles with Joy, his active Stump beats Time. 145
Let but this subtle Artist softly touch
The trembling Chords, the faint expiring Swain
Trembles no less, and the fond yielding Maid
Is tweedled into Love. See with what Pomp
The gaudy Bands advance in trim Array! 150
Love beats in ev'ry Vein, from ev'ry Eye
Darts his contagious Flames. They frisk, they bound:
Now to brisk Airs, and to the speaking Strings
Attentive, in Mid-way the Sexes meet;
Joyous their adverse Fronts they close, and press 155
To strict Embrace, as resolute to force

And

And form a Passage to each others Heart:
'Till by the varying Notes forewarn'd, back they
Recoil disparted: Each with longing Eyes
Pursues his Mate retiring, 'till again 160
The blended Sexes mix; then Hand in Hand
Fast lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel
In Mazes intricate. The jocund Troop
Pleas'd with their grateful Toil, incessant shake
Their uncouth brawny Limbs, and knock their Heels
Sonorous; down each Brow the trickling Balm 166
In Torrents flows, exhaling Sweets refresh
The gazing Crowd, and heav'nly Fragrance fills
The Circuit wide. So danc'd in Days of Yore
When *Orpheus* play'd a Lesson to the Brutes, 170
The list'ning Savages; the speckled Pard
Dandled the Kid, and with the bounding Roe
The Lion gambol'd. But what heav'nly Muse
With equal Lays shall *Ganderetta* sing,
When Goddess-like she skims the verdant Plain, 175
Gracefully gliding? Ev'ry ravish'd Eye
The Nymph attracts, and ev'ry Heart she wounds,
Thee most, transported *Hobbinol*! Lo, now,

Now to thy op'ning Arms she skuds along,
 With yielding Blushes glowing on her Cheeks, 180
 And Eyes that sweetly languish; but too soon,
 Too soon, alas! she flies thy vain Embrace,
 But flies to be pursu'd; nimbly she trips,
 And darts a Glance so tender, as she turns,
 That with new Hopes reliev'd, thy Joys revive, 185
 Thy Stature's rais'd, and thou art more than Man.
 Thy stately Port, and more majestic Air,
 And ev'ry sprightly Motion speaks thy Love.

To the loud Bag-pipe's solemn Voice attend,
 Whose rising Winds proclaim a Storm is nigh. 190
 Harmonious Blasts! that warm the frozen Blood
 Of *Caledonia's* Sons to Love, or War,
 And cheer their drooping Hearts, robb'd of the Sun's
 Enliv'ning Ray, that o'er the snowy *Alps*
 Reluctant peeps, and speeds to better Climes. 190

FORTHWITH in hoary Majesty appears
 One of gigantic Size, but Visage wan,
Milonides the Strong, renown'd of old

For

For Feats of Arms, but, bending now with Years,
His Trunk unwieldy from the verdant Turf 200
He rears deliberate, and with his Plant
Of toughest Virgin Oak in rising aids
His trembling Limbs; his bald and wrinkled Front,
Entrench'd with many a glorious Scar, bespeaks
Submissive Rev'rence. He with Count'nance grim 205
Boasts his past Deeds, and with redoubled Strokes
Marshalls the Crowd, and forms the Circle wide.
Stern Arbiter! like some huge Rock he stands,
That breaks th'incumbent Waves; they thronging press
In Troops confus'd, and rear their foaming Heads 210
Each above each, but from superior Force
Shrinking repell'd, compose of stateliest View
A liquid Theatre. With Hands uplift,
And Voice *Stentorian*, he proclaims aloud
Each rural Prize. "To him whose active Foot 215
" Foils his bold Foe, and rivets him to Earth,
" This Pair of Gloves, by curious Virgin Hands
" Embroider'd seam'd with Silk, and fring'd with Gold.
" To him, who best the stubborn Hilts can wield,
" And bloody Marks of his Displeasure leave 220

" On his Opponent's Head, this Beaver white
 " With Silver Edging grac'd, and Scarlet Plume.
 " Ye taper Maidens! whose impetuous Speed
 " Outflies the Roe, nor bends the tender Grass, 224
 " See here this Prize, this rich lac'd Smock behold,
 " White as your Bosoms, as your Kisses soft. (Grace
 " Blest Nymph! whom bounteous Heav'n's peculiar
 " Allots this pompous Vest, and worthy deems
 " To win a Virgin, and to wear a Bride".

THE Gifts refulgent dazzle all the Crowd, 230
 In speechless Admiration fix'd, unmov'd.
 Ev'n he, who now each glorious Palm displays,
 In fullen Silence views his batter'd Limbs,
 And sighs his Vigour spent. Not so appall'd
 Young *Pastorel*, for active Strength renown'd: 235
 Him *Ida* bore a Mountain Shepherdess;
 On the bleak Woald the new-born Infant lay,
 Expos'd to Winter Snows, and Northern Blasts
 Severe. As Heroes old, who from great *Jove*
 Derive their proud Descent, so might he boast 240
 His Line paternal: But be thou, my Muse!

No

No leaky Blab, nor painful Umbrage give
 To wealthy 'Squire or doughty Knight, or Peer
 Of high Degree. Him ev'ry shouting Ring
 In Triumph crown'd, him ev'ry Champion fear'd, 245
 From **Kiftsgate* to remotest **Henbury*.
 High in the Midst the brawny Wrestler stands,
 A stately tow'ring Object; the tough Belt
 Measures his ample Breast, and shades around
 His Shoulders broad; proudly secure he kens 250
 The tempting Prize, in his presumptuous Thought
 Already gain'd; with partial Look the Crowd
 Approve his Claim: But *Hobbinol* enrag'd
 To see th'important Gifts so cheaply won,
 And uncontested Honours tamely lost, 255
 With lowly Rev'rence thus accosts his Queen.

"FAIR Goddess! be propitious to my Vows;
 "Smile on thy Slave, nor *Hercules* himself
 "Shall rob us of this Palm: That Boaster vain
 "Far other Port shall learn." She, with a Look 260
 That pierc'd his inmost Soul, smiling applauds

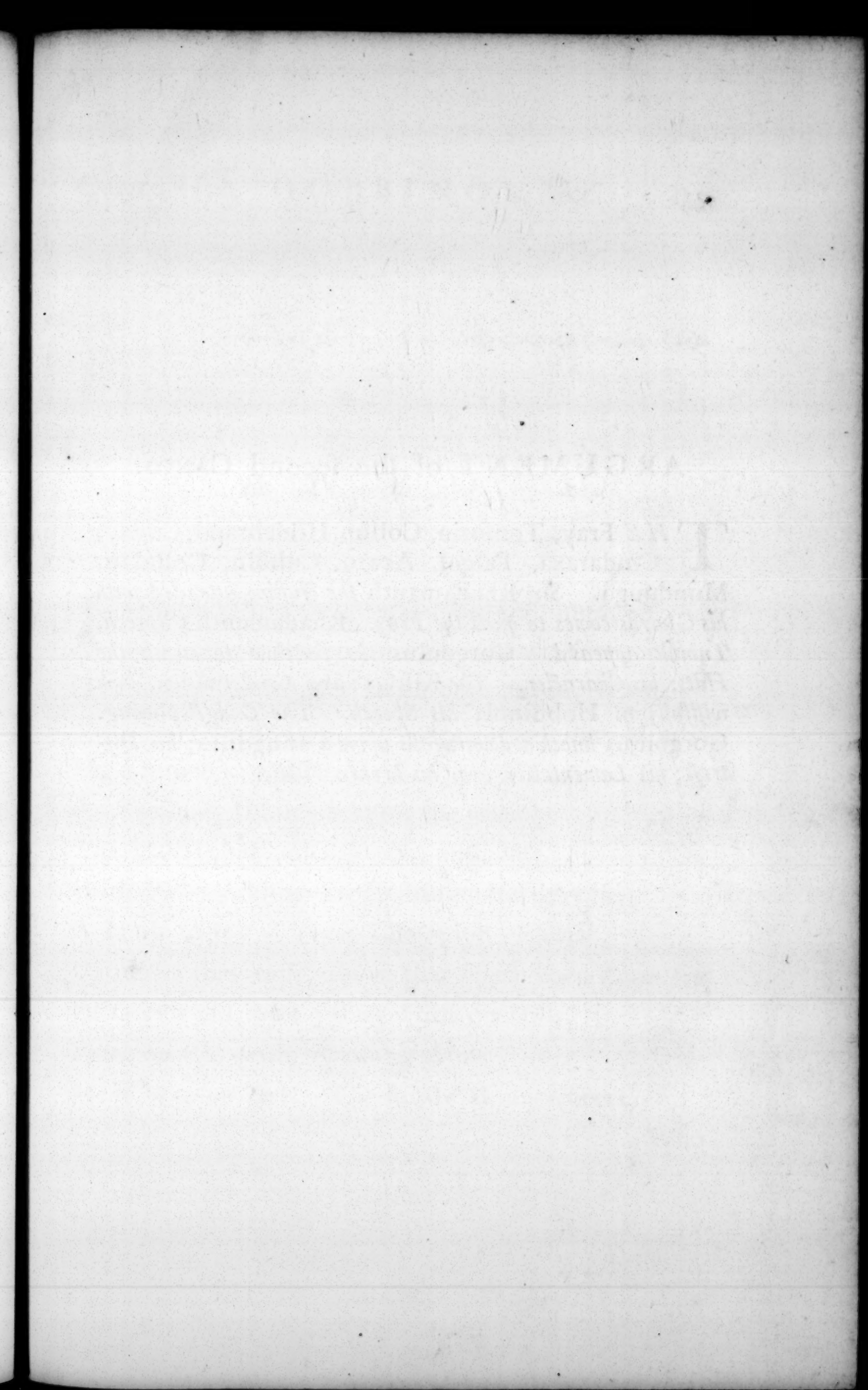
* *Two Hundreds in Gloucestershire.*

His gen'rous Ardour, with aspiring Hope
 Distends his Breast, and stirs the Man within :
 Yet much, alas! she fears, for much she loves.
 So from her Arms the *Paphian* Queen dismiss'd 265
 The Warriour God, on glorious Slaughter bent,
 Provok'd his Rage, and with her Eyes inflam'd
 Her haughty Paramour. Swift as the Winds
 Dispel the fleeting Mists, at once he strips
 His royal Robes ; and with a Frown that chill'd 270
 The Blood of the proud Youth, active he bounds
 High o'er the Heads of Multitudes reclin'd :
 But as besem'd one, whose plain honest Heart,
 Nor Passion foul, nor Malice dark as Hell,
 But Honour pure, and Love divine had fir'd. 275
 His Hand presenting, on his sturdy Foe
 Disdainfully he smiles ; then, quick as Thought,
 With his Left-hand the Belt, and with his Right
 His Shoulder seiz'd fast griping ; his Right-foot
 Essay'd the Champion's Strength, but firm he stood,
 Fix'd as a Mountain-Ash, and in his Turn 281
 Repaid the bold Affront ; his horny Fist
 Fast on his Back he clos'd, and shook in Air

The

The cumb'rous Load. Nor Rest, nor Pause allow'd,
 Their watchful Eyes instruct their busy Feet; 285
 They pant, they heave, each Nerve, each Sinew's strain'd.
 Grasping they close, beneath each painful Gripe
 The livid Tumours rise, in briny Streams
 The Sweat distils, and from their batter'd Shins
 The clotted Gore distains the beaten Ground. 290
 Each Swain his Wish, each trembling Nymph conceals
 Her secret Dread; while ev'ry panting Breast
 Alternate Fears, and Hopes, depress or raise.
 Thus long in dubious Scale the Contest hung,
 'Till *Pastorel* impatient of Delay, 295
 Collecting all his Force, a furious Stroke
 At his Left-ankle aim'd; 'twas Death to fall,
 To stand impossible. O *Ganderetta*!
 What Horrors seize thy Soul! on thy pale Cheeks
 The Roses fade. But wav'ring long in Air, 300
 Nor firm on Foot, nor as yet wholly fall'n
 On his right Knee he slip'd, and nimbly 'scap'd
 The foul Disgrace. Thus on the slacken'd Rope
 The wingy-footed Artist, frail Support!
 Stands tott'ring; now in dreadful Shrieks the Crowd

Lament his sudden Fate, and yield him lost: 306
He on his Hams, or on his brawny Rump
Sliding secure, derides their vain Distress.
Upstarts the vig'rous *Hobb'nol* undismay'd,
From Mother-Earth like old *Antæus* rais'd, 310
With Might redoubled. Clamour and Applause
Shake all the neighb'ring Hills, *Avona's* Banks
Return him loud Acclaim: With ardent Eyes,
Fierce as a Tyger rushing from his Lair,
He grasp'd the Wrist of his insulting Foe. 315
Then with quick Wheel oblique, his Shoulder-point
Beneath his Breast he fix'd, and whirl'd aloft
High o'er his Head the sprawling Youth he flung:
The hollow Ground rebellow'd as he fell.
The Crowd prefs forward with tumultuous Din; 320
Those to relieve their faint expiring Friend,
With Gratulations these. Hands, Tongues, and Caps,
Outragious Joy proclaim, shrill Fiddles squeak,
Hoarse Bag-pipes roar, and *Ganderetta* smiles.



ARGUMENT of the second CANTO.

THE Fray, Tonforio, Collin, Hildebrand, Cuddy, Cindaraxa, Talgol, Avaro, Cubbin, Collakin, Mundungo. Sir Rhadamanth the Justice attended with his Guards comes to quell the Fray. Rhadamanth's Speech. Tumult appeas'd. Gorgonius the Butcher takes up the Hilt, his Character. The Kiftsgatians Consternation, look wistfully on Hobbinol; his Speech. The Cudgel-playing. Gorgonius knock'd down, falls upon Twangdillo; his Distress; his Lamentation over his broken Fiddle.

Who saw their Mightiest fall'n, and in his Fall
Their Honours past impair'd, their Trophies, won 15
By their proud Fathers, who with scorn look'd down
Upon the subject Vale, fullied, despoil'd,
And level'd with the Dust, no longer bear
The keen Reproach. But as when sudden Fire
Seizes the ripen'd Grain, whose bending Ears 20
Invite the Reaper's Hand, the furious God
In footy Triumph rides dreadful, upborn
On Wings of Wind, that with destructive Breath
Feed the fierce Flames, from Ridge to Ridge he bounds
Wide-wasting, and pernicious Ruin spreads: 25
So thro' the Crowd from Breast to Breast swift flew
The propagated Rage; loud vollied Oaths,
Like Thunder bursting from a Cloud, gave Signs
Of Wrath awak'd. Prompt Fury soon supply'd
With Arms uncouth; tough well-season'd Plants, 30
Weighty with Lead infus'd, on either Host
Fall thick, and heavy; Stools in Pieces rent,
And Chairs, and Forms, and batter'd Bowls are hurl'd
With fell Intent; like Bombs the Bottles fly 34
Hissing in Air, their sharp-edg'd Fragments drench'd
In

In the warm spouting Gore; Heaps driv'n on Heaps
Promiscuous lie. *Tonforio* now advanc'd
On the rough Edge of Battle: His broad Front
Beneath his shining Helm secure, as erst
Was thine, *Mambrino*, stout *Iberian* Knight! 40
Defy'd the rattling Storm that on his Head
Fell innocent. A Table's ragged Frame
In his Right-Hand he bore, *Herculean* Club!
Crowds, push'd on Crowds, before his potent Arm
Fled ignominious; Havock, and Dismay, 45
Hung on their Rear. *Collin* a merry Swain,
Blith as the soaring Lark, as sweet the Strains
Of his soft-warbling Lips, that whist'ling cheer
His lab'ring Team, they tofs their Heads well pleas'd,
In gaudy Plumage deck'd, with stern Disdain 50
Beheld this Victor proud; his gen'rous Soul
Brook'd not the foul Disgrace. High o'er his Head
His pond'rous Plough-Staff in both Hands he rais'd;
Erect he stood, and stretching ev'ry Nerve,
As from a forceful Engine, down it fell 55
Upon his hollow'd Helm, that yielding funk
Beneath the Blow, and with its sharpen'd Edge
Shear'd

Shear'd both his Ears, they on his Shoulders broad
Hung ragged. Quick as Thought the vig'rous Youth
Short'ning his Staff, the other End he darts 60
Into his gaping Jaws. *Tonforio* fled

Sore maim'd; with pounded Teeth and-clotted Gore
Half choak'd, he fled; with him the Host retir'd
Companions of his Shame; all but the stout,
And erst unconquer'd *Hildebrand*, brave Man! 65

Bold Champion of the Hills! thy weighty Blows
Our Fathers felt dismay'd; to keep thy Post
Unmov'd, whilom thy Valour's Choice, now sad
Necessity compels; decripit now

With Age, and stiff with honourable Wounds, 70
He stands untterrify'd; one Crutch sustains
His Frame Majestic, th'other in his Hand
He wields tremendous; like a Mountain Boar
In Toils inclos'd, he dares his circling Foes.

They shrink aloof, or soon with Shame repent 75
The rash Assault, the Rustic Heroes fall

In Heaps around. *Cuddy*, a dext'rous Youth,
When Force was vain, on fraudulent Art rely'd:
Close to the Ground low cow'ring, unperceiv'd,

Cautious

Cautious he crept, and with his crooked Bill 80
Cut sheer the frail Support, Prop of his Age:
Reeling a While he stood, and menac'd fierce
Th'infidious Swain, reluctant now at Length
Fell prone and plough'd the Dust. So the tall Oak,
Old Monarch of the Groves, that long had stood 85
The Shock of warring Winds, and the red Bolts
Of angry *Jove*, shorn of his leafy Shade
At last, and inwardly decay'd, if chance
The cruel Woodman spy the friendly Spur,
His only Hold; that sever'd, soon he nods, 90
And shakes th'incumber'd Mountain as he falls.

WHEN manly Valour fail'd, a Female Arm
Restor'd the Fight. As in th'adjacent Booth
Black *Cindaraxa*'s busy Hand prepar'd
The smoky Viands, she beheld, abash'd, 95
The routed Host, and all her dastard Friends
Far scatter'd o'er the Plain; their shameful Flight
Griev'd her proud Heart, for hurry'd with the Stream
Ev'n *Talgol* too had fled, her darling Boy.
A flaming Brand from off the glowing Hearth 100
The

The greasy Heroine snatch'd; o'er her pale Foes
The threat'ning Meteor shone, brandish'd in Air,
Or round their Heads in ruddy Circles play'd.
Across the prostrate *Hildebrand* she strode,
Dreadfully bright: The Multitude appall'd 105
Fled diff'rent Ways, their Beards, their Hair in Flames,
Imprudent she pursu'd, 'till on the Brink
Of the next Pool, with Force united press'd,
And waving round with huge two-handed Sway
Her blazing Arms into the muddy Lake 110
The bold Virago fell. Dire was the Fray
Between the warring Elements, of old
Thus *Mulciber*, and *Xanthus Dardan* Stream
In hideous Battle join'd. Just sinking now
Into the boiling Deep, with suppliant Hands 115
She beg'd for Life; black Ouse and Filth obscene
Hung in her matted Hair: The shouting Crowd
Insult her Woes, and proud of their Success,
The dripping Amazon in Triumph lead.
Now, like a gath'ring Storm, the rally'd Troops 120
Blacken'd the Plain. Young *Talgol* from their Front,
With a fond Lover's Haste, swift as the Hind,

That

That, by the Huntsman's Voice alarm'd, had fled,
 Panting returns, and seeks the gloomy Brake,
 Where her dear Fawn lay hid, into the Booth 125
 Impatient rush'd. But when the fatal Tale
 He heard, the dearest Treasure of his Soul
 Purloin'd, his *Cindy* lost; stiff'ned and pale
 A While he stood, his kindling Ire at length
 Burst forth implacable, and injur'd Love 130
 Shot Lightning from his Eyes; a Spit he seiz'd,
 Just reeking from the fat Surloin, a long,
 Unwieldy Spear; then with impetuous Rage
 Press'd forward on th'embattled Host, that shrunk
 At his Approach. The rich *Avaro* first, 135
 His fleshy Rump bor'd with dishonest Wounds,
 Fled bellowing; nor could his num'rous Flocks,
 Nor all th'aspiring Pyramids, that grace
 His Yard well stor'd, save the penurious Clown.
 Here *Cubbin* fell, and there young *Collakin*, 140
 Nor his fond Mother's Pray'rs, nor ardent Vows
 Of Love-sick Maids could move relentless Fate.
 Where e'er he rag'd, with his far beaming Lance
 He thin'd their Ranks, and all their Battle swerv'd

L

With

With many an Inroad gor'd. Then cast around 145
His furious Eyes, if haply he might find
The captive Fair; her in the Dust he spy'd
Gro'ling, disconsolate; those Locks, that erst
So bright, shone like the polish'd Jet, defil'd
With Mire impure; thither with eager Haste 150
He ran, he flew. But when the wretched Maid
Prostrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping Wounds
And welt'ring in her Blood, his trembling Hand
Soon drop'd the dreaded Lance; on her pale Cheeks
Ghastly he gaz'd, nor felt the pealing Storm 155
That on his bare defenceless Brow fell thick
From ev'ry Arm: O'erpower'd at last, down sunk
His drooping Head, on her cold Breast reclin'd.
Hail, faithful Pair! if ought my Verse avail,
Nor Envy's Spite, nor Time shall e'er efface 160
The Records of your Fame; blind *British* Bards,
In Ages yet to come, on festal Days
Shall chant this mournful Tale, while list'ning Nymphs
Lament around, and ev'ry gen'rous Heart
With active Valour glows, and virtuous Love. 165
How blind is pop'lar Fury! how perverse,

When

When Broils intestine rage, and Force controuls
Reason and Law! As the torn Vessel sinks
Between the Burst of adverse Waves o'erwhelm'd;
So fares it with the neutral Head, between 170
Contending Parties bruis'd, incessant peal'd
With random Strokes that undiscerning fall;
Guiltless he suffers most, who least offends.
Mundungo from the bloody Field retir'd,
Close in a Corner plied the peaceful Bowl; 175
Incurious he, and thoughtless of Events,
Now deem'd himself conceal'd, wrapt in the Cloud
That issu'd from his Mouth, and the thick Fogs
That hung upon his Brows; but hostile Rage
Inquisitive found out the rusty Swain. 180
His short black Tube, down his furr'd Throat impell'd,
Stagg'ring he reel'd, and with tenacious Gripe
The bulky Jordan, that before him flood,
Seiz'd falling; that its liquid Freight disgorg'd
Upon the prostrate Clown, flound'ring he lay 185
Beneath the muddy Bev'rage whelm'd, so late
His prime Delight. Thus the luxurious Wasp
Voracious Insect, by the fragrant Dregs

Allur'd, and in the viscous Nectar plung'd,
His filmy Pennons struggling flaps in vain, 190
Lost in a Flood of Sweets. Still o'er the Plain
Fierce Onset, and tumultuous Battle spread;
And now they fall, and now they rise, incens'd
With animated Rage, while nought around
Is heard, but Clamour, Shout, and Female Cries, 195
And Curfes mix'd with Groans. Discord on high
Shook her infernal Scourge, and o'er their Heads
Scream'd with malignant Joy; when lo! between
The warring Hosts appear'd Sage *Rhadamanth*,
A Knight of high Renown. Nor *Quixot* bold, 200
Nor *Amadis* of *Gaul*, nor *Hudibras*,
Mirror of Knighthood, e'er cou'd vie with thee,
Great Sultan of the Vale! Thy Front severe,
As humble *Indians* to their Pagods bow,
The Clowns submit approach. *Themis* to thee 205
Commits her golden Balance, where she weighs
Th' abandon'd Orphan's Sighs, the Widows Tears;
By thee gives sure Redrefs, comforts the Heart
Oppress'd with Woe, and rears the suppliant Knee.
Each bold Offender hides his guilty Head, 210
Astonish'd

Astonish'd, when thy delegated Arm
 Draws her vindictive Sword; at thy Command,
 Stern Minister of Power Supreme! each Ward
 Sends forth her brawny *Myrmidons*, their Clubs
 Blazon'd with royal Arms; dispatchful Haste 215
 Sits earnest on each Brow, and public Care.
 Encompass'd round with these his dreadful Guards,
 He spur'd his sober Steed, grizzled with Age,
 And venerably dull; his Stirrups stretch'd
 Beneath the Knightly Load; one Hand he fix'd 220
 Upon his Saddle Bow, the other Palm
 Before him spread, like some grave Orator
 In *Athens*, or free *Rome*, when Eloquence
 Subdu'd Mankind, and all the list'ning Crowd
 Hung by their Ears on his persuasive Tongue. 225
 He thus the jarring Multitude address'd.

(Flow'r

" NEIGHBOURS, and Friends, and Countrymen, the
 " Of *Kilsgate*! ah! what means this impious Broil?
 " Is then the haughty *Gaul* no more your Care?
 " Are *Landen's* Plains so soon forgot, that thus 230
 " Ye spill that Blood inglorious, waste that Strength,

- “ Which wellemmploy'd, oncemore might have compell'd
 “ The Stripling *Anjou* to a shameful Flight?
 “ Or by your great Forefathers taught, have fix'd
 “ The *British* Standard on *Lutetian* Tow'rs? 235
 “ O Sight odious, detestable! O Times
 “ Degenerate, of ancient Honour void!
 “ This Fact so foul, so riotous, insults
 “ All Law, all sov'reign Pow'r, and calls aloud 239
 “ For Vengeance; but, my Friends! too well ye know,
 “ How flow this Arm to punish, and how bleeds
 “ This Heart, when forc'd on rigorous Extremes.
 “ O Countrymen! All, all, can testify
 “ My Vigilance, my Care for public Good
 “ I am the Man, who by your own free Choice 245
 “ Select from all the Tribes, in Senates rul'd
 “ Each warm Debate, and emptied all my Stores
 “ Of ancient Science in my Country's Cause.
 “ Wise *Tacitus*, of Penetration deep,
 “ Each secret Spring reveal'd, *Thuanus* bold 250
 “ Breath'd Liberty, and all the mighty Dead,
 “ Rais'd at my Call, the *British* Rights confirm'd;
 “ While *Musgrave*, *How*, and *Seymour* sneer'd in vain.

“ I

- " I am the Man, who from the Bench exalt 254
 " This Voice, still grateful to your Ears, this Voice
 " Which breaths for you alone. Where is the Wretch
 " Distress'd, who in the Cobwebs of the Law
 " Entangl'd, and in subtil Problems lost,
 " Seeks not to me for Aid! In Shoals they come
 " Neglected, feeble Clients, nor return 260
 " Unedify'd; scarce greater Multitudes
 " At *Delphi* sought the God, to learn their Fate
 " From his dark Oracles. I am the Man,
 " Whose watchful Providence, beyond the Date
 " Of this frail Life extends, to future Times 265
 " Beneficent, my useful Schemes shall steer
 " The Common-Weal in Ages yet to come.
 " Your Children's Children, taught by me, shall keep
 " Their Rights inviolable: And as *Rome*
 " The Sibyl's sacred Books, tho' wrote on Leaves 270
 " And scatter'd o'er the Ground, with pious Awe
 " Collected; so your Sons shall glean with Care
 " My hallow'd Fragments, ev'ry Scrip divine
 " Consult intent, of more intrinsic Worth
 " Than half a *Vatican*. Hear me, my Friends! 275

" Hear me, my Countrymen ! oh suffer not
 " This hoary Head, employ'd for you alone,
 " To sink with Sorrow to the Grave." He spake,
 And veil'd his Bonnet to the Crowd. As when
 The Sov'reign of the Floods o'er the rough Deep 280
 His awful Trident shakes, its Fury falls,
 The warring Billows on each Hand retire,
 And foam, and rage no more. All now is hush'd,
 The Multitude appeas'd; a cheerful Dawn
 Smiles on the Fields, the waving Throng subsides, 285
 And the loud Tempest sinks, becalm'd in Peace.

GORGONIUS now with haughty Strides advanc'd,
 A Gauntlet seiz'd, firm on his Guard he stood
 A formidable Foe, and dealt in Air
 His empty Blows, a Prelude to the Fight. 290
 Slaughter his Trade; full many a pamper'd Ox
 Fell by his fatal Hand, the bulky Beast
 Drag'd by his Horns, oft at one deadly Blow,
 His Iron Fist descending crush'd his Skull,
 And left him spurning on the bloody Floor, 295
 While at his Feet the guiltless Axe was laid,

In

In dubious Fight of late one Eye he lost,
 Bor'd from its Orb, and the next glancing Stroke
 Bruis'd fore the rising Arch, and bent his Nose:
 Nathless he triumph'd on the well-fought Stage, 300
Hockleian Hero! Nor was more deform'd
 The *Cyclops* blind, nor of more monstrous Size,
 Nor his void Orb more dreadful to behold,
 Weeping the putrid Gore, severe Revenge
 Of subtle *Ithacus*. Terribly gay 305
 In his Buff Doublet, larded o'er with Fat
 Of slaughter'd Brutes, the well-oil'd Champion shone.
 Sternly he gaz'd around, with many a Frown
 Fierce menacing, provok'd the tardy Foe.
 For now each Combatant that erst so bold 310
 Vaunted his manly Deeds, in pensive Mood
 Hung down his Head, and fix'd on Earth his Eyes,
 Pale and dismay'd. On *Hobbinol* at last
 Intent they gaze, in him alone their Hope,
 Each Eye solicits him, each panting Heart 315
 Joins in the silent Suit. Soon he perceiv'd
 Their secret Wish, and eas'd their doubting Minds.

“ Ye

“ Y E Men of *Kiftsgate* ! whose wide-spreading Fame
 “ In ancient Days were sung from Shore to Shore,
 “ To *British* Bards of old a copious Theme; 320
 “ Too well, alas! in your pale Cheeks I view
 “ Your dastard Souls. O mean, degen’rate Race!
 “ But since on me ye call, each suppliant Eye
 “ Invites my sov’reign Aid, lo! here I come, 324
 “ The Bulwark of your Fame, tho’ scarce my Brows
 “ Are dry from glorious Toils, just now atchiev’d,
 “ To vindicate your Worth. Lo! here I swear,
 “ By all my great Forefathers fair Renown,
 “ By that illustrious Wicker, where they sat
 “ In comely Pride, and in Triumphant Sloth 330
 “ Gave Law to passive Clowns: or on this Spot
 “ In Glory’s Prime, your *Hobbinol* expires,
 “ And from his dearest *Ganderetta*’s Arms
 “ Sinks to Death’s cold Embrace; or by this Hand
 “ That Stranger, big with Insolence, shall fall 335
 “ Prone on the Ground, and do your Honour Right.”

FORTHWITH the Hilts he seiz’d, but on his Arm
 Fond *Ganderetta* hung, and round his Neck

Curl’d

Curl'd in a soft Embrace. Honour and Love
 A doubtful Contest wag'd, but from her soon 340
 He sprung relentless, all her Tears were vain,
 Yet oft he turn'd, oft sigh'd, thus pleading mild:

“ ILL should I merit these imperial Robes,
 “ Ensigns of Majesty, by gen'ral Voice
 “ Conferr'd, should Pain, or Death itself avail 345
 “ To shake the steady Purpose of my Soul.
 “ Peace, fair One! Heaven will protect the Man,
 “ By thee held dear, and crown thy gen'rous Love.”

HER from the lifted Field the Matrons sage
 Reluctant drew, and with fair Speeches sooth'd. 350

Now Front to Front the fearless Champions meet;
Gorgonius like a Tow'r, whose cloudy Top
 Invades the Skies, stood low'ring; far beneath
 The Stripling *Hobbinol*, with careful Eye
 Each Op'ning scans, and each unguarded Space 355
 Measures intent. While negligently bold,
 The bulky Combatant, whose Heart elate

Disdain'd

Disdain'd his puny Foe, now fondly deem'd
At one decisive stroke to win, unhurt,
An easy Victory; down came at once 360
The pond'rous Plant, with fell malicious Rage,
Aim'd at his Head direct; but the tough Hilts,
Swift interpos'd elude his Effort vain.

The cautious *Hobbinol*, with ready Feet
Now shifts his Ground, retreating; then again 365
Advances bold, and his unguarded Shins
Batters secure; each well-directed Blow
Bites to the Quick; thick as the falling Hail,
The Strokes redoubled peal his hollow Sides.

The Multitude amaz'd with Horror view 370
The rattling Storm, shrink back at ev'ry Blow,
And seem to feel his Wounds; inly he groan'd
And gnash'd his Teeth, and from his Blood-shot Eye
Red Light'ning flash'd, the fierce tumultuous Rage
Shook all his mighty Fabric; once again 375
Erect he stands, collected, and resolv'd

To conquer, or to die: Swift as the Bolt
Of angry *Jove*, the weighty Plant descends.

But wary *Hobbinol* whose watchful Eye
Perceiv'd

Perceiv'd his kind Intent, flip'd on one Side 380
Declining; the vain Stroke from such an Height,
With such a Force impell'd, headlong drew down
Th' unweildy Champion: On the solid Ground
He fell rebounding; breathless, and astunn'd,
His Trunk extended lay; fore maim'd, from out 385
His heaving Breast, he belch'd a crimson Flood.
Full leisurely he rose, but conscious Shame
Of Honour lost his failing Strength renew'd.
Rage, and Revenge, and ever-during Hate,
Blacken'd his stormy Front; rash, furious, blind, 390
And lavish of his Blood, of random Strokes
He laid on Load; without Design or Art
Onward he press'd outrageous, while his Foe
Encircling wheels, or Inch by Inch retires,
Wife Niggard of his Strength. Yet all thy Care, 395
O *Hobbinol*! avail'd not to prevent
One hapless Blow; o'er his strong Guard the Plant
Lapp'd pliant, and its knotty Point impress'd
His nervous Chine; he wreath'd him to and fro
Convolv'd, yet thus distress'd, intrepid bore 400
His Hilts aloft, and guarded well his Head.

So

So when th' unwary Clown, with hasty Step,
Crushes the folded Snake, her wounded Parts
Gro'ling she trails along, but her high Crest
Erect she bears; in all its speckled Pride, 405
She swells inflam'd, and with her forky Tongue
Threatens Destruction. With like eager Haste,
Th' impatient *Hobb'nol*, whose excessive Pain
Stung to his Heart, a speedy Vengeance vow'd,
Nor wanted long the Means; a Feint he made 410
With well dissembled Guile, his batter'd Shins
Mark'd with his Eyes, and menac'd with his Plant.
Gorgonius, whose long-suff'ring Legs scarce bore
His cumb'rous Bulk, to his Supporters frail
Indulgent, soon the friendly Hilts oppos'd; 415
Betray'd, deceiv'd, on his unguarded Crest
The Stroke delusive fell; a dismal Groan
Burst from his hollow Chest, his trembling Hands
Forsook the Hilts, across the spacious Ring
Backward he reel'd, the Crowd affrighted fly 420
T'escape the falling Ruin. But, alas!
'Twas thy hard Fate, *Twangdillo*! to receive
His pond'rous Trunk; on thee, on helpless thee,
Headlong,

Headlong, and heavy, the foul Monster fell.
 Beneath a Mountain's Weight, th'unhappy Bard 425
 Lay prostrate, nor was more renown'd thy Song,
 O Steer of *Thrace*! nor more severe thy Fate.
 His vocal Shell, the Solace and Support
 Of wretched Age, gave one melodious Scream,
 And in a thousand Fragments strow'd the Plain. 430
 The Nymphs, sure Friends to his harmonious Mirth,
 Fly to his Aid, his hairy Breast expose
 To each refreshing Gale, and with soft Hands
 His Temples chafe; at their persuasive Touch
 His fleeting Soul returns, upon his Rump 435
 He sat disconsolate; but when, alas!
 He view'd the shatter'd Fragments, down again
 He sunk expiring; by their friendly Care
 Once more reviv'd, he thrice assay'd to speak,
 And thrice the rising Sobs his Voice subdu'd: 440
 'Till thus at last his wretched Plight he mourn'd.

" SWEET Instrument of Mirth! sole Comfort left
 " To my declining Years! whose sprightly Notes
 " Restor'd my Vigour, and renew'd my Bloom,

" Soft

- “ Soft healing Balm to ev’ry wounded Heart! 445
“ Despairing, dying Swains, from the cold Ground
“ Uprais’d by thee, at thy melodious Call,
“ With ravish’d Ears receiv’d the flowing Joy.
“ Gay Pleasantry, and Care beguiling Joke,
“ Thy sure Attendants were, and at thy Voice 450
“ All Nature smil’d. But, oh! this Hand no more
“ Shall touch thy wanton Strings, no more with Lays
“ Alternate, from Oblivion dark redeem
“ The mighty Dead, and vindicate their Fame.
“ Vain are thy Toils, O *Hobbinol*! and all 455
“ Thy Triumphs vain. Who shall record, brave Man!
“ Thy bold Exploits? Who shall thy Grandeur tell,
“ Supreme of *Kiftsgate*? See thy faithful Bard,
“ Despoil’d, undone. O cover me, ye Hills! 459
“ Whose vocal Cliffs were taught my joyous Song.
“ Or thou, fair Nymph, *Avona*! on whose Banks
“ The frolic Crowd, led by my num’rous Strains
“ Their Orgies kept, and frisk’d it o’er the Green,
“ Jocund, and gay, while thy remurm’ring Streams
“ Danc’d by, well pleas’d. Oh! let thy friendly Waves
“ O’erwhelm a Wretch, and hide this Head accurs’d.

So

So plains the restless *Philomel*, her Nest,
And callow Young, the tender growing Hope
Of future Harmony, and frail Return
For all her Cares, to barb'rous Churls a Prey; 470
Darkling she sings, the Woods repeat her Moan.

The ARGUMENT of the third Canto.

GOOD Eating expedient for Heroes. Homer prais'd for keeping a Table. Hobbinol triumphant. Ganderetta's Bill of Fare. Panegyric upon Ale. Gossipping over a Bottle. Compliment to Mr. John Philips. Ganderetta's Perplexity discover'd by Hobbinol; his consolatory Speech, compares himself to Guy Earl. of Warwick. Ganderetta encouraged, strips for the Race; her amiable Figure. Fusca the Gypsy, her dirty Figure. Tabitha, her great Reputation for Speed; hired to the dissenting Academy at Tewksbury. A short Account of Gamaliel the Master, and his hopeful Scholars. Tabitha carries Weight. The Smock-Race. Tabitha's Fall. Fusca's short Triumph, her Humiliation. Ganderetta's matchles Speed. Hobbinol lays the Prize at her Feet. Their mutual Triumph. The Vicissitude of human Affairs, experienc'd by Hobbinol. Mopsa, formerly his Servant, with her two Children appears to him. Mopsa's Speech; assaults Ganderetta; her Flight. Hobbinol's prodigious Fright, is taken into Custody by Constables, and drag'd to Sir Rhadamanth's.

CANTO



C A N T O I I I .

TH O' some of old, and some of modern Date,
 Penurious their victorious Heroes fed
 With barren Praise alone; yet thou, my Muse!
 Benevolent, with more indulgent Eyes
 Behold th'immortal *Hobbinol*; reward 5
 With due Regalement his triumphant Toils.
 Let *Quixot*'s hardy Courage, and Renown,
 With *Sancho*'s prudent Care be meetly join'd.

O thou of Bards supreme, *Mæonides*!
 What well-fed Heroes grace thy hallow'd Page! 10
 Laden with glorious Spoils, and gay with Blood
 Of slaughter'd Hosts, the Victor Chief returns.
 Whole *Troy* before him fled, and Men, and Gods,
 Oppos'd in vain. For the brave Man, whose Arm

M 2

Repell'd

Repell'd his Country's Wrong, ev'n he, the great 15
Atrides, King of Kings, ev'n he prepares
 With his own royal Hand the sumptuous Feast.
 Full to the Brim, the brazen Cauldrons smoke,
 Thro' all the busy Camp the rising Blaze
 Attests their Joy; Heroes and Kings forego 20
 Their State, and Pride, and at his Elbow wait
 Obsequious. On a polish'd Charger plac'd,
 The bulky Chine, with plenteous Fat inlaid,
 Of golden Hue, magnificently shines.
 The choicest Morfels sever'd to the Gods, 25
 The Hero next, well-paid for all his Wounds,
 The rich repast divides with *Jove*; from out
 The sparkling Bowl he draws the gen'rous Wine,
 Unmix'd, unmeasur'd; with unstinted Joy
 His Heart o'erflows. In like triumphant Port 30
 Sat the victorious *Hobbinol*; the Crowd
 Transported view, and blest their glorious Chief:
 All *Kiftsgate* sounds his Praise with joint Acclaim.
 Him ev'ry Voice, him ev'ry Knee confess'd,
 In Merit, as in Right, their King. Upon 35
 The flow'ry Turf, Earth's painted Lap, are spread
 The

The rural Dainties; such as Nature boon
Presents with lavish Hand, or such as owe
To *Ganderetta's* Care their grateful Taste,
Delicious. For she long since prepar'd 40
To celebrate this Day, and with good Cheer
To grace his Triumphs. Crystal Gooseberries
Are pil'd on Heaps; in vain the Parent-Tree
Defends her luscious Fruit with pointed Spears.
The ruby-tinctur'd Corinth clust'ring hangs, 45
And emulates the Grape; green Codlings float
In dulcet Creams; nor wants the last Year's Store,
The hardy Nut, in solid Mail secure,
Impregnable to Winter Frosts, repays
Its Hoarder's Care. The Custard's jellied Flood 50
Impatient Youth, with greedy Joy, devours.
Cheesecakes and Pyes, in various Forms uprais'd,
In well built Pyramids, aspiring stand.
Black Hams, and Tongues, that speechless can persuade
To ply the brisk Carouse, and cheer the Soul 55
With jovial Draughts. Nor does the jolly God
Deny his precious Gifts; here jocund Swains,
In uncouth Mirth delighted, sporting, quaff

Their native Bev'rage; in the brimming Glafs
The liquid Amber smiles. *Britons*, no more 60
Dread your invading Foes; let the false *Gaul*,
Of Rule infatiate, potent to deceive,
And great by subtle Wiles, from th' adverse Shore
Pour from his num'rous Hosts; *Iberia!* join
Thy tow'ring Fleets, once more aloft display 65
Thy consecrated Banners, fill thy Sails
With Pray'rs and Vows, most formidably strong
In holy Trump'ry, let old Ocean groan
Beneath thy proud Armada, vainly deem'd
Invincible; yet fruitless all their Toils, 70
Vain ev'ry rash Effort, while our fat Glebe,
Of Barley-Grain productive, still supplies
The flowing Treasure, and with Sums immense
Supports the Throne; while this rich Cordial warms
The Farmer's Courage, arms his stubborn Soul 75
With native Honour, and resistless Rage.
Thus vaunt the Crowd, each free-born Heart o'erflows
With *Britains* Glory, and his Country's Love.

HERE

HERE, in a merry Knot combin'd, the Nymphs
 Pour out melifluous Streams, the balmy Spoils 80
 Of the laborious Bee. The modest Maid
 But coyly sips, and blushing drinks, abash'd:
 Each Lover, with observant Eye beholds
 Her graceful Shame, and at her glowing Cheeks
 Rekindles all his Fires. But Matrons sage, 85
 Better experienc'd, and instructed well
 In midnight Mysteries, and Feast-rites old,
 Grasp the capacious Bowl; nor cease to draw
 The spumy Nectar. Healths of gay Import
 Fly merrily about; now Scandal fly 90
 Insinuating gilds the specious Tale
 With treach'rous Praise, and with a double Face
 Ambiguous Wantonneſs demurely sneers.
 'Till circling Brimmers ev'ry Veil withdraw,
 And dauntless Impudence appears unmask'd. 95
 Others apart, in the cool Shade retir'd,
Silurian Cyder quaff, by that great Bard
 Ennobled, who first taught my grov'ling Muse
 To mount aerial. O! could I but raise

My feeble Voice to his exalted Strains, 100
 Or to the Height of this great Argument,
 The gen'rous Liquid in each Line shou'd bounce
 Spirit'ous, nor oppressive Cork subdue
 Its foaming Rage; but to the lofty Theme
 Unequal, Muse, decline the pleasing Task. 105

THUS they luxurious, on the grassy Turf,
 Revell'd at large: While nought around was heard
 But Mirth confus'd, and undistinguish'd Joy,
 And Laughter far resounding; serious Care 110
 Found here no Place, to *Ganderetta's* Breast
 Retiring; there with Hopes, and Fears perplex'd
 Her fluctuating Mind. Hence the soft Sigh
 Escapes unheeded, Spight of all her Art;
 The trembling Blushes, on her lovely Cheeks, 115
 Alternate ebb and flow; from the full Glas
 She flies abstemious, shuns th' untasted Feast.
 But careful *Hobbinol*, whose am'rous Eye
 From hers ne'er wander'd, haunting still the Place
 Where his dear Treasure lay, discover'd soon 120
 Her secret Woe, and bore a Lover's Part.

Com-

Compassion melts his Soul, her glowing Cheeks
 He kifs'd, enamour'd, and her panting Heart
 He press'd to his; then with these soothing Words,
 Tenderly smiling, her faint Hopes reviv'd. 125

“ COURAGE, my Fair! the splendid Prize is thine.
 “ Indulgent Fortune will not damp our Joys,
 “ Nor blast the Glories of this happy Day.
 “ Hear me, ye Swains! Ye Men of *Kiftsgate*! hear:
 “ Tho' great the Honours by your Hands conferr'd,
 “ These royal Ornaments, tho' great the Force 131
 “ Of this puissant Arm, as all must own,
 “ Who saw this Day the bold *Gorgonius* fall;
 “ Yet were I more renown'd for Feats of Arms
 “ And knightly Prowess, than that mighty *Guy*, 135
 “ So fam'd in antique Song, *Warwick's* great Earl,
 “ Who slew the Giant *Colbrand*, in fierce Fight
 “ Maintain'd a Summer's Day, and freed this Realm
 “ From *Danish* Vassalage; his pond'rous Sword,
 “ And massy Spear, attest the glorious Deed; 140
 “ Nor less his hospitable Soul is seen
 “ In that capacious Cauldron, whose large Freight
 Might

" Might feast a Province: Yet were I like him
 " The Nation's Pride, like him I cou'd forego
 " All earthly Grandeur, wander thro' the World 145
 " A jocund Pilgrim, in the lonesome Den,
 " And rocky Cave, with these my royal Hands
 " Scoop the cold Stream, with Herbs, and Roots con-
 " Mean Sustenance; cou'd I by this but gain, (tent,
 " For the dear Fair, the Prize her Heart desires. 150
 " Believe me, charming Maid! I'd be a Worm,
 " The meanest Insect, and the lowest Thing
 " The World despises, to enhance thy Fame."
 So cheer'd he his fair Queen, and she was cheer'd.

Now with a noble Confidence inspir'd, 155
 Her Looks assure Success, now strip'd of all
 Her cumb'rous Vestments, Beauty's vain Disguise,
 She shines unclouded in her native Charms.
 Her plaited Hair behind her in a Brede
 Hung careless, with becoming Grace each Blush 160
 Varied her Cheeks, than the gay rising Dawn
 More lovely, when the new-born Light salutes
 The joyful Earth, impurpling half the Skies.

Her

Her heaving Breast, thro' the thin Cov'ring view'd,
Fix'd each Beholder's Eye; her taper Thighs, 165
And Lineaments exact, wou'd mock the Skill
Of *Phidias*; Nature alone can form
Such due Proportion. To compare with her
Oread, or *Dryad*, or of *Delia's* Train,
Fair Virgin Huntress, for the Chase array'd 170
With painted Quiver, and unerring Bow,
Were but to lessen her superior Mien,
And Goddess-like Deport. The Master's Hand,
Rare Artisan! with proper Shades improves
His lively Colouring; so here, to grace 175
Her brighter Charms, next her upon the Plain
Fusca the Brown appears, with greedy Eye
Views the rich Prize, her tawny Front erects
Audacious, and with her Legs unclean,
Booted with Grime, and with her freckled Skin 180
Offends the Crowd. She of the Gypsy Train,
Had wander'd long, and the Sun's scorching Rays
Imbrown'd her Visage grim; artful to view
The spreading Palm, and with vile Cant deceive
The Love-sick Maid, who barter's all her Store, 185
For

For airy Visions and fallacious Hope.

Gorgonius, if the current Fame say true,

Her Comrade once, they many a merry Prank

Together play'd, and many a Mile had strol'd,

For him fit Mate. Next *Tabitha* the tall 190

Strode o'er the Plain, with huge gigantic Pace,

And overlook'd the Crowd, known far and near

For matchless Speed; she many a Prize had won,

Pride of that neighb'ring * Mart, for Mustard fam'd,

Sharp-biting Grain, where amicably join 195

The Sister Floods, and with their liquid Arms

Greeting embrace. Here *Gamaliel* sage,

Of *Cameronian* Brood, with ruling Rod

Trains up his Babes of Grace, instructed well

In all the gainful Discipline of Pray'r, 200

To point the holy Leer, by just Degrees

To close the twinkling Eye, t'expand the Palms,

T'expose the Whites, and with the fightless Ball

To glare upon the Crowd, to raise, or sink

The docile Voice, now murm'ring soft and low 205

With inward Accent calm, and then again

*Tewksbury in the Vale of Evesham, where the Avon runs into the Severn.

In foaming Floods of rapt'rous Eloquence,
 Let loose the Storm, and thunder thro' the Nose
 The threat'ned Vengeance: Ev'ry Muse prophane
 Is banish'd hence, and *Heliconian* Streams 210
 Deserted, the fam'd *Leman* Lake supplies
 More plenteous Draughts, of more divine Import.
 Hail, happy Youths! on whom indulgent Heav'n
 Each Grace divine bestows, nor yet denies
 Carnal Beatitudes, sweet Privilege 215
 Of Saints elect! royal Prerogative!
 Here in domestic Cares employ'd and bound
 To annual Servitude, frail *Tabitha*
 Her pristin Vigour lost, now mourns in vain
 Her sharpen'd Visage, and the sickly Qualms 220
 That grieve her Soul; a Prey to Love, while Grace
 Slept heedless by: Yet her undaunted Mind
 Still meditates the Prize, and still she hopes,
 Beneath th' unwieldy Load, her wonted Speed.
 Others of meaner Fame the stately Muse 225
 Records not, on more lofty Flights intent
 She spurns the Ground, and mounts her native Skies.

Room for the Master of the Ring; ye Swains!
Divide your crowded Ranks. See! there on high
The glitt'ring Prize, on the tall Standard born, 230
Waving in Air; before him march in Files
The rural Minstrilfy, the rattling Drum
Of solemn Sound, and th' animating Horn,
Each Huntsman's Joy; the Tabor and the Pipe,
Companion dear at Feasts, whose cheerful Notes 235
Give Life, and Motion to th' unwieldy Clown.
E'en Age revives, and the pale puking Maid
Feels ruddy Health rekindling on her Cheeks,
And with new Vigour trips it o'er the Plain.
Counting each careful Step, he paces o'er 240
Th' allotted Ground, and fixes at the Goal
His Standard, there himself majestic swells.
Stretch'd in a Line, the panting Rivals wait
Th' expected Signal, with impatient Eyes
Measure the Space between, and in Conceit 245
Already grasp the warm-contested Prize.
Now all at once rush forward to the Goal,
And Step by Step, and Side by Side, they ply
Their

Their busy Feet, and leave the Crowd behind. 249
Quick heaves each Breast, and quick they shoot along,
Thro' the divided Air, and bound it o'er the Plain.
To this, to that, capricious Fortune deals
Short Hopes, short Fears, and momentary Joy.
The breathless Throng, with open Throat pursue,
And broken Accents shout imperfect Praise. 255
Such Noise confus'd is heard, such wild Uproar,
When on the Main the swelling Surges rise,
Dash o'er the Rocks, and hurrying thro' the Flood,
Drive on each others Backs, and crowd the Strand.
Before the rest tall *Tabitha* was seen, 260
Stretching amain, and whirling o'er the Field;
Swift as the shooting Star, that gilds the Night
With rapid transient Blaze, she runs, she flies;
Sudden she stops, nor longer can endure
The painful Course, but drooping sinks away, 265
And like that falling Meteor, there she lies
A Jelly cold on Earth. *Fusca* with Joy,
Beheld her wretched Plight; o'er the pale Corse
Insulting bounds; Hope gave her Wings, and now
Exerting all her Speed, Step after Step, 270

At

At *Ganderetta's* Elbow urg'd her Way,
Her Shoulder pressing, and with pois'nous Breath
Tainting her Iv'ry Neck. Long While had held
The sharp Contest, had not propitious Heav'n
With partial Hands to such transcendent Charms 275
Dispens'd its Favours. For as o'er the Green
The careless Gypsy, with incautions Speed,
Push'd forward, and her Rival Fair had reach'd
With equal Pace, and only not o'erpass'd;
Haply she treads, where late the merry Train 280
In wasteful Luxury, and wanton Joy,
Lavish had spilt the Cyder's frothy Flood,
And Mead with Custard mix'd. Surpriz'd, appall'd,
And in the treach'rous Puddle struggling long,
She slip'd, she fell; upon her Back supine 285
Extended lay; the laughing Multitude
With noisy Scorn approve her just Disgrace.
As the flick Lev'ret skims before the Pack,
So flies the Nymph, and so the Crowd pursue.
Born on the Wings of Wind the dear One flies, 290
Swift as the various Goddesses, nor less bright
In Beauty's Prime; when thro' the yielding Air
She

She darts along, and with refracted Rays
 Paints the gay Clouds; celestial Messenger,
 Charg'd with the high Behests of Heav'n's great Queen!
 Her at the Goal with open Arms receiv'd 296
 Fond *Hobbinol*; with active Leap he seiz'd
 The costly Prize, and laid it at her Feet.
 Then pawling, stood dumb with Excess of Joy,
 Expressive Silence! for each tender Glance 300
 Betray'd the Raptures, that his Tongue conceal'd.
 Less mute the Crowd, in echoing Shouts, applaud
 Her Speed, her Beauty, his obsequious Love.

UPON a little Eminence, whose Top
 O'erlook'd the Plain, a Steep, but short Ascent, 305
 Plac'd in a Chair of State, with Garlands crown'd,
 And loaded with the Fragrance of the Spring,
 Fair *Ganderetta* shone; like Mother *Eve*
 In her gay Sylvan Lodge, delicious Bow'r!
 Where Nature's wanton Hand, above the Reach 310
 Of Rule, or Art, had lavish'd all her Store,
 To deck the flow'ry Roof; and at her Side,
 Imperial *Hobbinol*, with Front sublime,

Great as a *Roman* Consul, just return'd
From Cities sack'd, and Provinces laid waste, 315
In his paternal Wicker sat, enthron'd.
With eager Eyes the Crowd about them prefs,
Ambitious to behold the happy Pair.
Each Voice, each Instrument, proclaims their Joy
With loudest Vehemence: Such Noise is heard, 320
Such a tumultuous Din, when, at the Call
Of *Britain's* Sovereign, the rustic Bands
O'erspread the Fields; the subtle Candidates
Dissembled Homage pay, and court the Fools
Whom they despise; each proud majestic Clown 325
Looks big, and shouts amain, mad with the Taste
Of Pow'r supreme, frail Empire of a Day!
That with the setting Sun extinct is lost.

NOR is thy Grandeur, mighty *Hobbinol*!
Of longer Date. Short is, alas! the Reign 330
Of mortal Pride: We play our Parts a While,
And strut upon the Stage; the Scene is chang'd,
And offers us a Dungeon for a Throne.
Wretched Vicissitude! for after all

His

His tinsel Dreams of Empire and Renown, 335
Fortune, capricious Dame, withdraws at once
The goodly Prospect, to his Eyes presents
Her, whom his conscious Soul abhorr'd and fear'd.
Lo ! pushing thro' the Crowd, a meagre Form,
With hasty Step, and Visage incompas'd! 340
Wildly he star'd; Rage sparkled in her Eyes,
And poverty sat shrinking on her Cheeks.
Yet thro' the Cloud, that hung upon her Brows,
A faded Lustre broke, that dimly shone
Shorn of its Beams, the Ruins of a Face, 345
Impair'd by Time, and shatter'd by Misfortunes:
A froward Babe hung at her flabby Breast,
And tug'd for Life; but wept, with hideous Moan,
His frustrate Hopes, and unavailing Pains.
Another o'er her bending Shoulder peep'd 350
Swaddled around with Rags of various Hue.
He kens his Comrade-Twin with envious Eye,
As of his Share defrauded; then amain
He also screams, and to his Brother's Cries,
In doleful Consort joins his loud Laments. 355
O dire Effect of lawless Love ! O Sting

Of Pleasures past! As when a full-freight Ship,
Blest in a rich Return of Pearl, or Gold,
Or fragrant Spice, or Silks of costly Die,
Makes to the wish'd-for Port with swelling Sails, 360
And all her gaudy Trim display'd; o'erjoy'd
The Master smiles; but if from some small Creek,
A lurking Corsair the rich Quarry spies,
With all her Sails bears down upon her Prey,
And Peals of Thunder from her hollow Sides 365
Check his triumphant Course; aghast he stands,
Stiffen'd with Fear, unable to resist,
And impotent to fly; all his fond Hopes
Are dash'd at once; nought now, alas! remains
But the sad Choice of Slavery, or Death. 370
So far'd it with the hapless *Hobbinol*,
In the full Blaze of his triumphant Joy
Surpriz'd by her, whose dreadful Face alone
Cou'd shake his stedfast Soul. In vain he turns,
And shifts his Place averse; she haunts him still, 375
And glares upon him with her haggard Eyes,
That fiercely spoke her Wrongs. Words swell'd with Sighs
At length burst forth, and thus she storms enrag'd.

“KNOW’ST

“ KNOW’ST thou not me? false Man! not to know me
“ Argues thyself unknowing of thyself, 380
“ Puff’d up with Pride, and bloated with Success.
“ Is injur’d *Mopsa* then so soon forgot?
“ Thou knew’st me once, ah! woe is me! thou didst.
“ But if laborious Days, and sleepless Nights,
“ If Hunger, Cold, Contempt, and Penury, 385
“ Inseparable Guests, have thus disguis’d
“ Thy once belov’d, thy Hand-maid dear; if thine
“ And Fortune’s Frowns have blasted all my Charms;
“ If here no Roses grow, no Lillies bloom,
“ Nor rear their Heads on this neglected Face; 390
“ If thro’ the World I range a slighted Shade,
“ The Ghost of what I was, forlorn, unknown;
“ At least know these. See! this sweet simp’ring Babe,
“ Dear Image of thyself; see! how it sprunts
“ With Joy at thy Approach; see! how it gilds 395
“ Its soft smooth Face, with false paternal Smiles!
“ Native Deceit, from thee, base Man, deriv’d!
“ Or view this other Elf, in ev’ry Art
“ Of smiling Fraud, in ev’ry treach’rous Leer,
“ The

- “ The very *Hobbinol*! Ah! cruel Man! 400
“ Wicked, ingrate! And cou’d’st thou then so soon,
“ So soon forget that pleasing fatal Night,
“ When me beneath the flow’ry Thorn surpriz’d,
“ Thy artful Wiles betray’d? Was there a Star,
“ By which thou didst not swear? Was there a Curse,
“ A Plague on Earth, thou didst not then invoke 406
“ On that devoted Head; if e’er thy Heart
“ Prov’d Haggard to my Love, if e’er thy Hand
“ Declin’d the nuptial Bond? But, oh! too well,
“ Too well alas! my throbbing Breast perceiv’d 410
“ The black impending Storm; the conscious Moon
“ Veil’d in a fable Cloud her modest Face,
“ And boding Owls proclaim’d the dire Event.
“ And yet I love thee.—Oh! cou’d’st thou behold
“ That Image dwelling in my Heart! But why? 415
“ Why waste I here these unavailing Tears?
“ On this thy Minion, on this tawdry Thing,
“ On this gay Victim, thus with Garlands crown’d,
“ All, all, my Vengeance fall! Ye Lightnings blast
“ That Face accurs’d, the Source of all my Woe! 420
“ Arm, arm, ye Furies! arm; all Hell break loose!
“ While

“ While thus I lead you to my just Revenge,
“ And thus”---- Upstarts th’ astonish’d *Hobbinol*
To save his better Half. “ Fly, fly, he cries,
“ Fly, my dear Life, the Fiend’s malicious Rage.” 425
Born on the Wings of Fear away she bounds,
And in the neighb’ring Village pants, forlorn.
So the cours’d Hare to the close Covert flies,
Still trembling, tho’ secure. Poor *Hobbinol*
More grievous Ills attend, around him press 430
A Multitude, with huge *Herculean* Clubs,
Terrific Band! the royal Mandate these
Insulting shew: Arrested, and amaz’d,
Half dead he stands; no Friends dare interpose,
But bow dejected to th’ imperial Scroll. 435
Such is the Force of Law. While conscious Shame
Sits heavy on his Brow, they view the Wretch,
To *Rhadamanth*’s august Tribunal drag’d.
Good *Rhadamanth*! to ev’ry wanton Clown
Severe, indulgent to himself alone. 440

F I N I S.

